This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07603246 9

LENOX LIBRARY

uyckinck Collection.
Presented in 1878.

George S. Duyckinck,
Jan 1st 1832

STCH BOX
TILLEN

Printed by T. Bolt. | Key Press | Mounted by J. Sutton

MY BROTHER.

THE PEARL OR AFFECTIONS

1862

PHILADELPHIA
T.T. ASH CHESNUT STREET
MDCCCXXXII

THE

PEARL;

OR,

AFFECTION'S GIFT.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT.

PHILADELPHIA:
THOMAS T. ASH—CHESNUT STREET.
MDCCCXXXII.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
245509
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1831, by THOMAS T. ASH, in the clerk's office of the district for the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

ADAM WALDIE, PRINTER.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

			Page
1.	Ornamental Title-page,	Engraved by STEEL.	
2.	My Brother, Painted by Sully,	Mezzotinted by SARTAIN.	13
3.	Infancy, - - -	ILLMAN & PILBROW.	15
4.	The Cottagers, Morland,	Engraved by NEAGLE.	46
5.	The Doll, - - -	ILLMAN & PILBROW.	98
6.	Christ blessing Children,	" STEEL.	126
7.	The Dispute, - -	" KEENAN.	167
8.	Rebels Defeated, -	" " KEARNEY.	202
9.	Presentation Plate, -	MASON.	
10.	Ornamental Covers, -	WARR & STEEL.	

PREFACE.

A few words only will suffice for a preface to this, our fourth volume.

Every endeavour has been made to improve the work, both in the literary and mechanical departments, with what success a heretofore liberal public must determine. We would particularly call their attention to the mezzotinto engraving, by J. Sartain, from one of Sully's happiest subjects, drawn expressly for this work. Should it meet approbation, the publisher will consider the extraordinary cost and trouble as well bestowed.

The style is new in this country, but it is one that must become popular, where softness and effect are sought for.

We also wish to embrace the opportunity to express our thanks to correspondents, for their attention to our wishes. Some of the communications were received too late for the printer,

and several pieces have been excluded for want of room.

A copy of the work handsomely bound, will be presented to such contributors as may decline pecuniary acknowledgements.

CONTENTS.

Introduction,	Mrs. Hughs,	9
Brother and Sister,		13
Infancy,		15
The Pastor's Children,	by the author of Lights of Education,	17
Herculaneum and Pompeii,		33
The African Mother at her Daughter's Grave,	Mrs. Sigourney,	43
The Cottagers,	Mrs. Hughs,	46
Kathleen O'Neill,	R.	50
The Village Schoolmistress,	S.	74
The Doll,		98
Charade, (Ma—son)		101
Anthony and Clara,	Miss Leslie,	102
Christ blessing the Children,	Mrs. Sigourney,	126
Lines by a Lady,		127
The Way to seek Revenge,	Mrs. Hughs,	128
Rose Fleetwood,	S.	142
Little William to his Dog Towser,		167
How a fly walks on the Ceiling,	T. H.	169
The Children's Choice,	Mrs. Gilman,	175
Maria Medway and her Grandmother,	Miss Leslie,	178
The Sailor Boy's Farewell,	Mrs. Bache,	200
The Rebels Defeated,		202
To my Sister,	J. F. Rogers,	213
A Dialogue on History,	T. H.	215

INTRODUCTION.

AN ADDRESS FOR A SCHOOL BOY, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

Rejoice, my boys! for Christmas now is come,
And brings the happy time for going home!
Our lessons done, our trunks pack'd up and ready;
Then let us but this day be calm and steady,
And soon to-morrow comes to set us free,
To spend our holidays with merry glee!
Thanks to the man, who first made a vacation
To give poor simple noddles recreation;
For though I've heard some poet say or sing
That little learning is a dangerous thing,
And though I never mean the truth to question,
Too much, I know, suits not with my digestion!
Oh! how I long for home, "Sweet Home!" to start,
And feast on cheesecake, jelly, and mince-tart,
To skate, to slide, to mount the horse, or sleigh,
And spend in frolic all the livelong day,
And then my own soft bed to close my eyes in,
Untroubled with the thought of early rising.
  But sad to think how briefly one short week
Will pass almost as quick as you can speak,

And scarcely shall I know my lessons done,
Till those same lessons are again begun,
Till at my desk, again, just like a stock,
I'm planted, poring over hic, hæc, hoc,
And whilst I feel, I've not heard all the news yet,
I'm back again to parse *tempore fugit.*
Sure when a week thus passes like a day,
A little more should be allow'd for play.
I do declare, at this cold gloomy season,
To give so little time for sport, is out of reason.
  But let me think; e'en life, I've heard them say,
When spun out longest, still is but a day,
And that the longest life e'er given to man,
When near its close, appears but like a span;
That life well spent, alone makes length of years,
And wisdom only takes from age its cares:
That youth's the morn of life, which well improved,
By wisdom sought, by truth and virtue lov'd,
Will bring a glorious noon, an evening clear,
Which hope's sweet planet will illume and cheer.
No vain regrets our retrospective view
Will then obscure, but all be bright and true,
Pleasure will trim life's taper to its close,
And life go out as bright as when it rose.
  If this be so, one truth must be confess'd,
That dear as play is to each youthful breast,
We must not always swim on pleasure's tide,
But time 'tween duty and our sports divide;
Lest night should come, (a night prepar'd for all,
When life's short day no power can e'er recall,)
And find our lamps untrimmed; when not one spark
Of mental light is ours, but all is dark.

Sad then would be the thought that death was nigh,
And we unfit to live, less fit to die,
Must render an account of that brief time
When the sun shone, and life was in its prime;
But which in plays, in toys, and trifles past,
Had left the mind a dreary, joyless waste.
  Then let the Christmas come and let it go,
I'll skate upon its ice, I'll roll its snow,
I'll eat its pies, I'll sleigh, I'll dance, I'll laugh,
And all its draughts of pleasure gaily quaff.
But when 'tis gone I'll to my books begin,
And sip once more the pure Pierian spring,
And prove that life has most the power to please,
When spent in labour and alternate ease.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

Sweet but yet mournful is the feeling,
  To look with retrospective eye
On years long past, when memory, stealing,
  First a fond smile, heaves forth a sigh.

It tells when these two infant creatures,
  Gay in life's morn, bloom'd bright and fair,
With harmony of mind and features,
  Which makes them here so sweet a pair.

It gazes on these much lov'd faces,
  Till the soft tear bedims the eye;
Where sportive childhood's matchless graces
  Half seen, and half in ambush lie.

Like the bright sun through clouds emerging,
  The boy's strong mind may here be read;
The powers to bold aspirings urging
  Is, in that steadfast look display'd.

Whilst she, like the sweet star of even,
  So sweet, so soft, so pure, so true,
Tells of those tenderest joys of heaven,
  To which so soon her spirit flew.

Yes! soon she went, unstain'd, unfaded!
  A form so pure was fit to die!
Death ne'er a gentler breast invaded,
  Ne'er dimm'd a softer, sweeter eye.

Calm as the gliding stream, descending
  To seek its quiet bed below;
Her infant head in meekness bending,
  She sunk in death, unknown to woe.

Her brother then, alone, pursuing
  The road of life, to manhood grew;
But memory oft the past reviewing,
  Dwells on the form which once he knew.

And still the lov'd idea prizing,
  His hopes stretch forth to scenes above;
Where from all earth's vain wishes rising,
  He'll feel again her clasp of love.

ASTOR
TILDEN

Engraved by Ellman & Pilbrow

INFANCY.

Published by T.T. Ash Philad.

INFANCY.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

Sweet is life's first opening flower,
  Sweet is every budding grace—
Sweet the fondly flattering hour,
  When life first lights the infant's face.
Sweet then the throbs the mother feels,
  The smile that kindles up her eye,
When it the first fond glances steals
  On the weak form of Infancy.

Sweet are the flattering hopes that swell
  Her ardent breast, as she the form,
To her so new, yet lov'd so well,
  Clasps to ward off each threat'ning storm;
And as the piteous note she hears
  Of the first sad and mournful cry,
What the young sufferer so endears
  As the sad wail of Infancy?

Young life is weak where ever found,
  In man or in the creature wild,
But nought there is the world around,
  So helpless as a human child.
The kitten soon can sport and play,
  The dog soon acts with courage high,
But is there ought so helpless—Say—
  So weak as human Infancy?

Yet that Almighty Power above,
  Has order'd with the kindest care,
That an untiring mother's love
  Should all its wants, its sorrows share:
And whilst with sleepless eye she hangs
  O'er its sick couch, and breathes the sigh,
Fond hopes suppress her struggling pangs,
  And wins her smiles for Infancy.

It tells her that the breast is pure,
  That vice is yet a stranger there,
And should truth hold the fort secure,
  And virtue wave her standard there,
Then, though the infant's cry should prove
  A herald of the future sigh,
Still will be near those forms of love,
  Which watch'd the couch of Infancy.

THE PASTOR'S CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS OF EDUCATION."

TOWARD the close of the seventeenth century, a clergyman of the then established form was called to preside over a thinly scattered flock in one of the beautiful valleys of Virginia; a few planters on a large tract of land, which they held by charter from the British crown, and who paid their pastor's dues in *corn* and *tobacco*, and the residents of a small hamlet near his church, who presented their *tithes* in the manner most convenient to themselves, while they endeavoured to make the most of his doctrine for the advancement of their spiritual interest, and the course of a navigable stream for the promotion of worldly trade. At the period when my story commences, the trees were in full leaf, and all vegetation luxuriantly green, except where some later flowering plants varied the landscape with gayer colours; the plantations exhibited their usual promise of riches, in the beautiful flax,

with its purple blossoms, and the corn with its silken fringe; in the gracefully waving wheat, that asks little more from the cultivator's toil than sowing and reaping; and the more costly, yet injurious, "*Virginia weed*," which requires the constant care of the labouring slave—and I would go beyond all this, if my powers of description could reach the grandeur of the mountains that composed one shore of the valley, like a vast crescent, dipping its distant horns in the water, and crowned with the forests of ages, rising from the earth like those Grecian giants, who it is said once assaulted the sky—but I only hear the sound of the cataract far off; I cannot tell "whence it comes or whither it goes," and I only see the leaves, in their varied shapes and changing shades, as the light summer breeze seems to move them before me, but the names of the trees are nearly as unknown as those of the wild tribes that once wandered among them, the sole possessors and only visiters of their awful solitudes, so I must continue in the valley beneath, and describe the pastor's dwelling, conspicuous over the less revered wooden mansions around. It was built of rough gray stone, but neatly finished within, and, from the antique thickness of its walls, calculated to exclude much of the summer's *intense* heat, and more of the

winter's *intenser* cold. It was sufficiently shaded with trees for beauty and health, and for the tuneful mocking-bird to build its nest, and sing. A fine vegetable garden, with choice fruit, extended back to the plantation of Mr. Sidney's most munificent parishioner; and in front a low white paling enclosed a verdant lawn, bordered with flowers, and intersected by a gravel walk leading to the house, which, in its simple furniture and few ornaments, exhibited such perfection of taste, that you could not avoid feeling as if religion had none but its purest professors here. I am reluctantly compelled to state, that there was one upon whom it never seemed to breathe its holiness, and this was the pastor's only son, a youth of fifteen. Fearless and untameable from his earliest years, he had roamed the mountain forests, and forded the mountain stream. He had no especial home, except in the *obvious* elements of earth, and air, and water; alternately in the deepest caverns, or on the highest trees and most dangerous torrents, he filled the imaginations of his anxious parents with perpetual alarm: his father preached to him, and prayed for him—it appeared in vain—while his mother wept daily in the fear of his death, till at last she was induced to mourn over the hour of his birth. But if the parents' hearts were wrung by the irre-

claimable character of their son, they had their full measure of consolation in the obedient disposition of their daughter, and only when she was away could it ever be said they were miserable.

This lovely girl was nearly fourteen, and of so sweet and charming a temper, and so skilled in each female accomplishment, that all the neighbours desired her company; and she would have spent the greater portion of her time abroad, had she preferred the splendour that surrounded her in the mansions of those rich proprietors, where even the attending domestics heard her voice with delight, to the home where she comforted her parents, and where she could be at all times a soothing advocate for her erring brother, when their patience was exhausted; since, notwithstanding his many faults, she loved Theodore tenderly, while he regarded her with all the devotion of a heart, whose feelings, though rude, were deep and strong; and perhaps, as he was not wicked, though untractable, she might in time have used her influence to conquer his self-will. But, at present, so soft and yielding was her nature, that it gave him many opportunities of ruling her—and so it happened on a bright day at the period I have mentioned. Gertrude was sitting near an open window, through which she

inhaled all the sweet fragrance from her own garden of flowers, occupied in some female *work*, of which a playful kitten (one of Gertrude's many favourites) had in its frolics been making a pastime, when Theodore came near, and spoke to her.

"Stop sewing now, Gertrude! I want you to go walking with me this *elegant* day."

"But you will go too far, Theodore, and make mama uneasy."

"No; I will not, indeed, Gertrude. I always go a great way by myself, but I would not think of asking you if I intended it now; and I have something to show you that you never saw before; so, do come."

"Well, wait till I ask mama."

Mrs. Sidney gave a very unwilling and slow consent, even though she thought Gertrude's society might be most useful to her brother if he were oftener led to desire it.

Theodore now departed with her "from his father's hall," and what time passed over before either of them returned again! He led his sister along the winding banks of the river till he approached a wooded spot, of which the water in its changing course was fast creating an island. There was scarcely dry space for their feet suffi-

cient to reach the centre of this grove, which Theodore had lately visited in his wanderings, and where he discovered an Indian's grave, which the drooping willow for years had wept over, and the magnolia embalmed with its perfume. Theodore removed the leaves and branches with which he had covered it, and exposed to the view of his startled companion a *hunter* and a *warrior at rest.* There was something in this unusual appearance—one of the primeval owners of a wide hemisphere reposing in his last confined allotment of earth—that struck upon the sensitive heart of Gertrude, and Theodore, with some amazement, beheld her weeping.

"Why, Gertrude, I never thought you would cry at seeing this poor Indian; he is dead, you know, and you shall have all his rings and bracelets, and this beautiful belt of shells; I want only the pipe myself."

"Thank you, Theodore; but, may be, they belong to some one else, so we had better cover them up, till we know from papa if we have any right to take them."

Theodore reluctantly consented, and they put the leaves and boughs over the grave again.

He now asked his sister if she felt tired, and she answered, "Yes."

"Then, Gertrude, let me take you home in this canoe they have fastened to the tree up yonder."

"Oh, no! Theodore. The people might come for their canoe before you brought it back; and, beside, we are not allowed to go on the water at all. I know *you* go many a time, but *I* never did."

"But, now, you are so tired, Gertrude, I do not suppose you could ever get home if you walked, and I row a boat like any Indian; you cannot think how nice it shall go."

"Ah, I should not care for that if papa and mama were uneasy."

"But they would be a great deal more uneasy if we stayed till night, and, may be, the Indians got hold of us."

Gertrude was really fatigued, and this last alarming consideration overcame her weak resistance, so she went with her brother to the boat, and as soon as they were seated in it, Theodore loosened the fastenings, and rowed it up the river with such perfect skill, that Gertrude began to congratulate herself on her pleasant return home, when they were drawn suddenly into a strong current that all Theodore's strength was unable to oppose, and which carried them a great distance down the stream, till at length the

canoe was stranded on a small cape of marshy ground that reached far into the river. Theodore lifted his trembling sister from the boat, and carried her over the water and mire to a seat on the body of a large tree, which had been thrown down in one of the last winter's storms. A moment or two he wept by her side, while he raised his hands and eyes, with his *first fear*, to heaven. But the sun had already sunk far in the west, and no time was to be lost by inactivity; he therefore told Gertrude that she must compose her feelings as much as possible, and remain quietly in this situation, till he looked round the spot for a place of shelter. Fortunately, they were near a tract of maple land, and Theodore encountered a number of people in the woods, who had finished drawing off the sap from the trees, and were then employed in boiling, and preparing the sugar. They appeared moved by his distress, and readily offered him every assistance in their power; but it was now too late to think of reaching home, and he was compelled to accept of their hospitality for the night. He therefore returned to bring his sister, but on reaching the place where he had left her, she was gone, and on the other side of the river, seeing his borrowed canoe rowed by a party of Indians, he concluded that she was in it. He

was right in his conjecture. Those Indians, searching for their boat, after an excursion into the woods, at length discovered it where it had landed our young adventurers, so ignorant of the *colour* of its owners. A cry of fear from Gertrude, upon finding herself alone with people that even at home she could not behold without awe, occasioned them instantly to observe her, when, struck with the beauty of her black eyes and hair, the chief of the party determined to take her home, and adopt her into his family, as he had a son nearly the same age. Terror rendered her an easy prisoner, and thus the last act of Theodore's wilful disobedience deprived him of his only sister.

To describe the sufferings of his mind at this moment would be impossible. He wrung his hands; he stamped; he raved in his frantic agony, and it was not before he was totally exhausted, that this passion subsided, and then a slower but more guilty one possessed his heart, and he resolved never to return to his father's house if he could not restore that blessing which he carried from it. He then went back to the maple wood, where the people gave him food and shelter. The next day, some of the young men procured a boat, and crossed the river with him in pursuit of the Indians, but there was not

a trace of them to be discovered for miles beyond the spot where he had seen them landing; he therefore gave his sister up for lost, and from that moment attached himself to new connections. The people he had placed himself among, though unpolished, were friendly and considerate; he rendered his services useful to them by remarkable vigilance and activity, and they rewarded him with a share in the profits of their employment: he spent the winter with them and their families at an adjoining settlement; and the following spring, when their occupations led them again into the woods, he accompanied them once more. Perhaps through this mode of life, which would appear so suited to his taste, Theodore might in time have been rendered happy, only that he was continually haunted by an unquiet conscience, tormenting him with reproaches, for still absenting himself from his parents, when he should have returned to them immediately, and endeavour to repair, by every future consideration, the loss they had sustained through his heedlessness; and these ceaseless upbraidings made his present station so painful, that his resolution to remain every day became weaker, and his heart seemed breaking for that forsaken home.

In this spirit he was sitting at the door of his

log-hut after the work of a summer's day was done, and the other labourers had retired to rest, listening to the night-sounds of the wilderness as they solemnly rose from the wood and the water, deepening a sensation of fearful loneliness, till his tears were drawn from their bitter source, and he earnestly sought the society of his Maker in fervent and heartfelt devotion, while he supplicated with such prayers, as we trust are there heard, that he might be permitted to behold his bereaved parents once more. At this moment a straggling party of Indians appeared to interrupt his pious thoughts, and, by their expressive gestures, more than their imperfect English, gave him to understand that they wanted food and shelter. Theodore recoiled from those people with an irritated spirit ever since he had been deprived of his sister; but the holiness of prayer now mitigated his aversion, and he gave them what they asked. They made a sign of thanks, and, after eating the food which they received, they spread their blankets on the floor, and went to sleep; and while Theodore watched over them, wondering at their deep and fearless repose in the habitation of the *white man*, so often the faithless usurper of their soil, the pitiless hunter of their race, his heart was completely subdued, and before he lay down to sleep beside them, he

prayed for the *murderers of Gertrude.* In the morning, when the Indians rose to take leave, Theodore observed a tobacco pouch with the chief of the party that attracted his attention, and he asked to look at it. The Indian took it from his belt, and gracefully presented it to his entertainer in departing from the hut with his companions, when, in a moment, the grateful Theodore found himself possessed of a remarkable proof of his sister's recent existence, and a clue to discover where she was.

Blended with a number of ornaments, most ingeniously devised, Gertrude had embroidered her own name, and that of an Indian village not very far from Jamestown, doubtless in hopes that it might meet the eye of some affectionate friend anxious to learn her fate. Theodore knew that any attempt on his part alone to recover his sister from her captors would be fruitless, and he therefore determined to apply to the governor at Jamestown; the distance was considerable, but the season excellent for travelling; and when his intention became known, several of his friends agreed to go with him, and avail themselves of the opportunity to dispose of some beaver skins and sugar. When they reached the end of their journey, Theodore obtained an audience of the governor, in whom he discovered

an old friend of his father, who very considerately furnished him with several acceptable presents for those Indians who were at present on friendly terms with their white neighbours, and ordered a troop of soldiers, with an interpreter, to accompany him to their village, when the same chief I have twice mentioned before, yielding at once to the rights of a brother, to his own admiration, on beholding the gifts, and his fear of an armed force, introduced Theodore into the apartment for the women and children of his family, where he said he should see his sister; but to a handsome resemblance in her dark eyes and hair, which first attracted the Indian's affection, Gertrude had since reluctantly added their style of dress, so that her brother did not instantly recognise her; but nearly eighteen months of anxiety, with a great increase of stature, had not so much altered Theodore; and, with one loud cry of joy, she sprang into his arms, and was pressed with rapture to his heart. The Indians witnessed those natural emotions with sympathy, regarding the young people with friendly smiles, which were, however, soon banished by the sorrowful farewell, when lively grief during a few moments possessed them, and Gertrude parted from her kind captors with tears. When she and her brother went back to

Jamestown, they were kindly received by the governor and his family. Gertrude was immediately disencumbered of her savage habiliments, and dressed in a less showy, though more becoming mode: then, after the preparation of a few days, to render their journey home safe and expeditious, they set out.

I need not relate the accidents of their journey; they were few, and not dangerous; but when they entered their native vale, the summer had withdrawn, and autumn was in the forests, on the mountains, not sadly dressed in "the seared and yellow leaf" or "russet brown" of the European woods, but in all those rich and gorgeous colours that once might have adorned the festive suit of the kings of the *American wilderness*. The bright morning sun, that does not change its appearance with seasons, was glistening on the waters, and a few late fruits still lingered near the fading leaves in the valley, but the fields redeemed their promise; all their riches had been yielded up, and now they lay exposed and deserted in their poverty; while the manager's calculation, and the labourer's toil, were transferred to the *packing house* and the *barn*. I mean at this season, for the day was our Sabbath; and while the neighbouring planters, with their families, and the higher order of over-

seers, were in church, the slaves had their *hours*, if not their *day* of *rest*. The impatience of Theodore and Gertrude to see their parents now became so great, that even when informed the service had long since commenced, they entered the church, but as silently as possible, and seated themselves, unobserved by the congregation before them, yet where they had a complete view of the pulpit, from which the preacher, not observing them, now proclaimed his text: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." It was the second time, within the memory of this assembly, that Mr. Sidney had publicly spoken these words. The first Sunday after being bereaved of his children he was unable to preach; when commiserated, and as much as possible consoled by his sympathising flock, he remained to pray with his weeping partner at home. The next Sabbath he ventured on this text, but suppressed grief impeded his utterance; and while his faltering voice did so little justice to a fine discourse, his affectionate hearers observed, with unfeigned regret, that those consolations his sermon was so eminently calculated to convey, had failed to reach his own heart; and he never selected the passage again, till, with an elevation of spirit for which he could not account, they

were presented to his thoughts as he commenced writing his sermon for this day, and he now pronounced them with the same joyful sensations with which he then wrote them. He brought scriptural consolation for every loss by which we can suffer, and concluded a truly comforting discourse with an extemporaneous effusion of gratitude as eloquent as it was heartfelt. Mrs. Sidney listened to him with rapture, the rest of his hearers with astonishment; but far different sounds broke upon the silence that ensued when the preacher's voice was still; it seemed the breathing of lamentation. All eyes turned toward the sound, and for the first time the strangers were observed; but they hastily retired from church: and when the expecting, agitated parents returned home, they found their children there. The first emotions in this providential meeting were certainly mingled with pain; but when a full explanation satisfied the parents, that only a small amount of actual *guilt* in their children had incurred all those consequences, while so great an improvement had been effected in the feelings of their son during his absence from home, their happiness was complete, and they were permitted to experience the full force of Mr. Sidney's inspired text. After a morning of kind congratulation, he preached

again, and gave thanks for his children's return in the temple of their preserver. The reunited family were then allowed by their considerate friends to spend the remainder of the day alone; and as they sat together, partaking of their evening meal, upon which the pastor had bestowed more than a common blessing; while the first autumn fire lighted their happy faces, I can with confidence assert, that there was nothing like their felicity to be purchased by all the riches of that fruitful valley. From this period, to which I have at length brought my story, the two young people devoted themselves equally to their parents and each other; Gertrude renewed her former employments with renewed satisfaction, and Theodore attended with such success to the instructions of his father, that he was soon regarded as the probable successor of Mr. Sidney in the church of his native village.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

By T. H.

"Father, I wish you would tell us all you know about those two famous Roman cities that

were buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in the reign of Titus."

"I will, Robert; they are indeed very interesting on many accounts: to the learned they are so, because they serve to explain several things in ancient literature which were before obscure. The lover of antiquities is delighted to have laid open to him two celebrated cities, with every object remaining in the same state it was eighteen hundred years ago; and those who have no other principle than their curiosity to gratify, are pleased to see the kind of houses, streets, places of amusement, weapons, and utensils of various kinds, which were common to so celebrated a people as the Romans. Herculaneum and Pompeii, situated in a country famed for its beauty and fertility, the former three miles, and the latter five from Vesuvius, were overwhelmed by an eruption from that mountain in the year 79; Herculaneum by a stream of lava, and Pompeii by a shower of ashes. This terrible eruption took place while the people were in the theatre witnessing some of the games of which they were so extravagantly fond, but the greater number of them must have escaped from the cities, as but few bodies have been found among the ruins. Herculaneum is buried to the depth of eighty feet, and the town of Portici is

built exactly over it. A peasant, in sinking a well about a century ago, brought up part of the Mosaic pavement of a theatre, and other works of ancient art. A prince purchased the right of the well from the peasant, and very soon brought to light many precious treasures. A theatre was discovered of great magnificence, adorned with statues, paintings, and columns, and the whole interior of it lined with Parian marble. Every object that was found indicated that the ill-fated inhabitants had arrived at great perfection in the arts. The numerous temples, baths, statues, paintings, and places of public resort and amusement, that have been laid open, show that they abounded with wealth, were luxurious and refined. The excavations, owing to the great depth to which it is buried, and fears for the foundations of Portici, have gone on slowly. A noble museum, consisting of the articles rescued from the ruins, has been formed by the Neapolitan government at Portici. When you descend to this subterranean city, torches have to be provided, as it is wholly dark; you then behold the ruins of temples, and theatres, and other costly works of art. The walls are beautifully painted, and ornamented with a great variety of designs, which, when first discovered, were as fresh as when the colours were laid on,

and all artists join in admiring the beauty and simplicity of the style in which they are executed. The exposure to the air for a century has done more to injure them than the seventeen hundred years in which they lay unknown. Fifteen hundred manuscripts were found in a room paved with Mosaic; they were chiefly in Greek; age has given them the appearance of pieces of burnt charcoal, and the surfaces of the parchment adhere together, so that it is a work of great difficulty to unroll them; some of them fall to pieces on being touched, and others are destroyed before their value is known.

As Pompeii was buried only twenty feet under ground, and covered only with loose ashes, greater progress has been made in the excavations than at Herculaneum. The attention of the government was directed to it by a countryman turning up with the plough a fine statue in a field over the site of Pompeii. The street of tombs is very curious. The Romans, you know, took a great pride in having very splendid tombs, and here you see this taste fully exemplified, though not to so great an extent, as we know from history it was carried at Rome and elsewhere by rich Romans, many of whom ruined themselves and their families that they might gratify it. Many of the tombs here are very

splendid, and decorated in a very costly manner. On some are represented the games that were exhibited in honour of the deceased; on others religious rites; and in the urn containing the ashes of the deceased, is deposited a piece of money to pay Charon for ferrying him across the Styx, which will give you some idea of the gross superstition of this great people. In this street there are shops interspersed with the tombs. The streets are about twelve feet wide, paved with large pieces of lava, which is worn into deep ruts by the wheels of carriages, but the streets were so narrow that two carriages could not pass each other. In the shops are found the remains of the articles exposed for sale. Jars, containing wine, olives, and preserved figs, raisins, and chestnuts, are to be seen in a tolerable state of preservation. On the marble slab which formed the counter of a wine seller's shop, are the marks of the glasses his customers had been drinking out of the morning the city was destroyed. In an apothecary's shop, drugs of various kinds were found; and in another some surgical instruments. Implements of silver, brass, stone, earthenware, vases of all sizes, and fitted to uses both sacred and profane; trumpets, bells, saucepans, (some lined with silver,) kettles, ladles, moulds for jelly and pastry; urns, for keeping water warm, upon

the principle of the modern tea urn; lanterns, with thin pieces of horn to admit the light; spits, and, with the exception of forks, every article of kitchen furniture with which we are acquainted. Horrid instruments of torture, portable fire places, with contrivance for heating water, dice, (some said to be loaded,) a perfect toilet, combs, thimbles, rings, paint, ear-rings, with pearl, and every article that a lady of refinement and fashion could stand in need of. These have been found in a good state of preservation.

The houses in Pompeii do not exhibit in general many traces of grandeur. The walls have mostly been stuccoed, and the inside painted and ornamented with pictures, frequently representing religious rites; their gods, heroes, games, and caricatures of manners and costumes. Some of the statues are perfectly beautiful. The houses are very different from ours. They all had an internal court, from which they were lighted; windows were very uncommon, and those seldom glazed, and the rooms were chiefly lighted from an opening at the top of the door, which can only have admitted a very imperfect light, but their paintings were adapted to be seen in this light.

Glass was then known, but from the little use made of it even in the best houses, it must have

been very expensive. There was one bow window glazed, the glass of which has a green tinge.

A portion of each house was set apart for the females, and it usually had a court attached to it, and could only be approached through the men's apartment. These courts were generally surrounded with columns, statues, altars on which to offer sacrifices to the gods, and fountains. No chimneys have been discovered, nor any contrivances for the same purpose. In cold weather the rooms were heated by means of charcoal, placed in a portable grate. Their houses, however, we should not call comfortable, but the climate of Italy was mild, and the Romans were not a domestic people; they spent much of their time in public places, such as the forums, porticoes, and in the theatres, witnessing public exhibitions, which were always conducted at the expense of the public, or of some rich personage.

Several theatres, and an amphitheatre, the latter capable of containing ten thousand spectators, have been discovered. In the amphitheatre, the skeletons of twelve lions and four men were found. In the neighbourhood of the theatre, the walls are all scratched over with names of persons, and frequently with lampoons on public

characters, expressions of impatience because the doors of the theatre were not opened soon enough, and such things; so we see that the play going people eighteen hundred years ago, were addicted to some of the habits that distinguish the same class in our own times. Drinking shops were very numerous near these places of public amusement, and the unhappy beings who frequented them were as much despised as the intemperate are in modern times.

About two hundred skeletons have been found in Pompeii. One was found with a key in one hand, and a bag, in which was a quantity of gold coin, in the other. Near him stood another holding two vases, one silver, the other bronze, both of which contained a considerable amount of money. It was evident that they had been arrested in the act of making their escape. In an alcove near the principal gate of the city, a skeleton was found grasping a spear. It is probable that he was a sentinel, who chose meeting death at his post rather than leave it, and be subject to the horrible punishment inflicted by the Roman law on those who broke through the severe rules of military duty. Four skeletons were found in chains, and secured to a ring in the wall of the court house; the panic into which the inhabitants had been thrown, and the imme-

diate care of self-preservation, had not permitted them to think of these miserable wretches.

In the guard house were found complete sets of Roman arms, and in a dungeon of this building some bodies strongly manacled. A skeleton was discovered three feet above the pavement with a piece of oil cloth beside him, in which was wrapped about three hundred gold coins. In a temple four skeletons were found, probably priests, who either were unable to escape, or chose to die rather than desert the shrine of their god.

In the temples behind the statue of the god is a recess sufficient to hold a human body, with secret stairs leading to it. In this recess it is supposed that the priest concealed himself in order to answer the questions put to the god by those who wished to hear their fate, or the success of any undertaking in which they were about to engage. These were in ancient times, and were called oracles. In some the god spoke by means of a priestess, and, as at the temple of Apollo near Delphi, and in others, the voice proceeded from the statue. The recess shows from what the voice came.

In the early ages of Rome each house was a fortress, for wars were very common, nay, almost the occupation of the people. The territory was

frequently invaded by hostile nations, so that the plan of the houses originated in necessity; and it was continued in later ages, when the people had become more wealthy and luxurious, for the sake of privacy, which the peculiar construction of it afforded.

In the vestibule, the porter, who was generally a slave, was chained, and remained at his post day and night. The houses in Pompeii are not in general large. It was a trading town, and as the wealthy Romans despised all those who engaged in laborious occupations, and the commerce and arts of the mistress of the world were consequently chiefly in the hands of slaves, we should not expect to find here that magnificence which we know from Pliny and Cicero distinguished the Roman houses. The house of a rich Roman in the flourishing period of the empire was sometimes so large as to contain five hundred slaves and other menials, besides the family and numerous visiters.

I have mentioned that the people of Pompeii were in the theatre at the time of the eruption, and that most of them escaped from the city, but it is probable the greater number of them perished in the fields, for the volcano continued to throw out fire, ashes, and stones for three days and nights, which spread to the distance of twenty

miles around. An intense darkness prevailed, and the land was agitated, heaving like the sea in a storm. The affrighted inhabitants were flying in all directions, many of them with pillows on their heads to defend them from the falling stones, and obliged to keep themselves constantly in motion to prevent their becoming fast in the ashes. This was the state of things at twenty miles from the mountain, what then must it have been at Herculaneum and Pompeii?

I am now tired, Robert, but I will bring you Sir William Gill's beautiful volumes, which will give you a much more interesting account of that terrible eruption, and of the state in which it is at present, than I can.

"That will be delightful, papa."

THE AFRICAN MOTHER

AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Some of the pagan Africans visit the burial place of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink; and mothers have been known for a long course of years to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblation to the graves of their children.

"DAUGHTER! I bring thee food,—
The rice cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,—
Dates and pomegranates bright;

The orange in its gold
  Fresh from thy favourite tree,
Nuts in their ripe and husky fold,
  Dearest, I spread for thee.

"Year after year I tread
  Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
  And age enchains my feet;
Oh, many a change of woe
  Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
  O'er this thy bed of earth.

"There came a midnight cry,—
  Flames from our hamlet rose,
A race of pale brown men were nigh,
  Our tyrants and our foes;
Thy wounded sire was borne
  With cruel force away,
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
  While in my blood I lay.

"I watch'd for their return
  Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceas'd to burn,
  And the long rains were o'er;
Till seeds these hands had sown
  A fragrant fruitage bore,
The billows echoed to my moan,
  But *they return'd no more.*

Why dost *thou* slumber deep,
  And to my wildest cry

When pierc'd with agony I weep,
  Thus render no reply?
Daughter! my youthful pride,
  The idol of my eye,
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side
  Beneath these sands to lie?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
  Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
  That heathen mourner wept;
Oh! had some voice of power
  But sooth'd her bursting sighs,
"There is a resurrection hour,—
  Thy daughter's dust shall rise."

Christians! ye hear the cry
  From pagan Africk's strand,
Haste! lift salvation's banner high
  O'er that benighted land;
With Faith that wins the skies,
  Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies
  Deep in her tear-wet soul.

H.

Hartford, Conn.

THE COTTAGERS.

By Mrs. Hughs.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sally," said farmer Goodly, as he sat at his cottage door one beautiful summer evening after his day's work was over, and throwing his left arm carelessly over his chair back as he spoke, whilst in his right hand he held a cup of home brewed beer, "I'll tell you what it is, my opinion of the matter is this: that if people are but sober and industrious, and do their duty as far as they can to both God and man, there is no great occasion for them to be very uneasy about the education of their offspring; for there is no fear but one way or another their children will get a very good education."

"But how can that be, John?" replied his wife, who stood guarding her infant from falling, as it stood dancing on the small table near which its father sat. "How can that be, I say, with people like us? For however good we may be, you still know that we have not money to spare to pay for much schooling for our children, and so whatever may be our own wish, they must eds go without it."

Painted by G. Morland. Engraved by [illegible]

THE [illegible]

ASTC
THE

"Why, the thing is this, Sally; in my opinion, the first and most important part of education is to learn to be good, and home is the best school for learning that. Where did you learn to be the good wife and mother that you have always been, think you? Why, of that excellent parent to be sure," added he, pointing, as he spoke, to his mother-in-law, who sat at work at the foot of a large tree, the spreading branches of which formed a canopy over the whole group, "from her example you learnt to be gentle, industrious, and kind, and your children are daily receiving the same lesson from you. The girls will learn from you to be good women, and I hope I shall always set such an example to the boys as will make them respectable men."

"But still, you know, John, that this is not all which is necessary; for they must have school learning into the bargain. 'Tis time already that Tommy there, should be doing something more than driving the cows from and to the field night and morning, and making himself into a horse for that romping fellow, Jemmy, to ride on; and yet I cannot tell how it is to be managed in these hard times, when rents are so high, and the price of grain so low. It is that which troubles me; it is the thought of their not getting proper school learning that I grieve about."

"Well, for the matter of that, I think it is a great pity that you should grieve yourself on the subject. We will do the best we can; we will be as saving and economical as possible, for the sake of getting the best school learning for them that is in our power, but when that is done, we will trust the rest to Providence. And, after all, Sally, when we think how little good many of the rich people's children do with all their grand school educations that they get, I don't know that we have very much to regret. Not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of learning; far from it. But the acquirement of accomplishments to a child that has received a bad moral education, is like a dressing of high seasonings and rich gravies to a piece of corrupt meat, that only serves to make it still more unwholesome. Human beings, Sally, are very different from the brute beasts, as I will explain to you. That dog that sits before me there, looking so wistfully for the usual signal to go and bring the sheep to the fold, has been learned to do that, and many other things which are not common to his nature, and these things may be called his accomplishments; but though he has learned these, no teaching could ever make him coolly and deliberately worry his own species or injure his master. The doves, too, in that cage which hangs on the tree,

have been taught by Tommy to come and perch upon his shoulder, and eat their corn out of his hand, but nobody could ever teach them to give over sitting upon their eggs, or induce them to desert their young. But it is not so with the human race. They have no natural instincts to guard them from evil; so that if principles of integrity and virtue are not early implanted in their bosoms, any mere external accomplishments that may be given them, will only serve to increase their power of doing mischief by making them more attractive and seductive to others."

"All that is true enough, John; I know very well it is necessary our children should be taught to be good, and that they are sure to be so as long as you are spared to them. But what I mean is, that I want them to learn to be good scholars as well as good men, and that I am afraid it will never be in our power to make them."

"Then it will not be our fault if they are not; and it would be foolish for us to make ourselves unhappy about what we cannot mend. But I believe it is in our power to make them good and useful members of society; and, in that case, the most important part of education will be accomplished. We will teach them to love virtue and respect learning, and to take every opportunity in their power to improve in it; and

then, though they may never be able to get much, the little they have will turn to good account; and, like good seed sown in well prepared soil, it will produce a hundred fold. Yes! yes! Sally, my girl," added the worthy farmer, raising as he spoke the yet untasted beverage to his lips—"Home is the first and the most important school; and the teachers that have the most influence over the characters of children are their parents. So here's a health to all those parents who show their anxiety to give their children a good education by setting them a good example."

KATHLEEN O'NEILL.

Years have passed, and time has brought its changes, since I was a school-girl; yet my memory still cherishes with delight the recollection of those happy days, when with companions (often through similarity of age and disposition become friends) I went through the daily routine of toil and recreation, when the tedium of the one being relieved by the hilarity of the other, left us generally cheerful and happy in the present, with little idea of sorrow,—and rarely looking farther

into futurity than the end of the term, and the commencement of the ensuing holidays.

A large school presents every variety of temper and disposition; and there we are generally able to judge, without bias, of individual character, as it unfolds itself to our view. Among all those, who during many successive years became my school-fellows, there was not one who more strongly excited both my affection and esteem, than a young Irish girl, named Kathleen O'Neill. When I recollect the cordial sympathy which her gentle sorrows at the time called forth in myself and all those who surrounded her, I am induced to believe that the relation of her simple story may excite some interest in my youthful readers.

Our school was situated in a beautiful and rather remote village, at the distance of nearly thirty miles from London, and hither, early in the month of August, I had been conducted by my kind uncle, who being called to the metropolis on business, had promised my parents to place me under the care of Miss L——. It had seemed a hard thing to me to leave my home and friends, even for five months; and when the hour came for my uncle too to give me his last kiss, I began to weep most bitterly. Miss L——'s gentle tones, however, joined to her soothing remonstrances, with the promise of a punctual return

at the end of the term, and his parting donation of a large bag of sugar-plums, made me quickly dry my tears; and the bustle and employment in which I was soon immersed, drove from my mind the remembrance of momentary grief, leaving no thought that there could be any more deep or lasting. My daily avocations became familiar, and my chief anxiety was to excel in my various studies, and so maintain a high place in my class.

Adjoining our school-room was a small parlour, generally used by Miss L—— as her sitting-room, but in which many of the pupils occasionally received their lessons in music. Here one day, about two months after my arrival, I was indefatigably practising *my first air*, when some company was ushered into the room. Childish curiosity induced me to look around sufficiently to ascertain that the party consisted of a tall, handsome man, in a military dress, a lady in deep mourning, and a little girl about eight years old, whose eyes were red with weeping, and who seemed to cling to her mother's side, as if she almost feared to be forced from it. It had been buzzed through the school for a day or two previously, that a new scholar was expected, and I immediately drew the conclusion that this was she, feeling at the same time a sort of triumph that I should be the first to announce her arrival to my companions.

Miss L—— rose to welcome her guests, and affectionately kissed the little girl. "Here is a lady that will be very kind to you, my dear Kathleen," said the mother, in a tone which showed with what difficulty she restrained her emotion, "and you will learn to love her very much."

The little girl put her hand in Miss L——'s, and tried to speak, but the effort was vain; she burst into tears, and hiding her head in her mother's lap, she for some moments sobbed convulsively.

"Kathleen, my love, come to me," said her father, at length drawing her close to him. "This must not be; have you not promised me to command yourself? You know that this parting is unavoidable. Miss L—— will supply to you the place of your dear mother and myself, and you will frequently hear from us, and write to us in return; pray for us, Kathleen, to that Being who will alike watch over us all, and look forward, with hope and confidence in Him, to the time when we shall meet again: may His blessing be upon you, my beloved child! endeavour to control yourself, and show us, whilst we are yet with you, that you remember your promise."

Kathleen had ceased sobbing, and as her father ended, she raised her eyes, still filled with

tears, to his, and said, "Yes, I will indeed try, father."

The recollection of her appearance at that moment, (for I had gradually ceased to play, and was now gazing at her intently,) has left a strong impression on my mind; her eyes, of a deep clear blue, contrasted finely with her almost raven hair and eyebrows, whilst her pale cheeks, and the expression of real grief depicted on her striking countenance, quite surprised me. "What can be the cause of this?" I said to myself. "I, too, have lately left my parents, and I was very sorry, but this poor Kathleen looks as if her heart would break; I am sure I will do all in my power to comfort her."

But little more passed between the parents and their child; whilst her mother spoke a few more soothing and tender words to Kathleen, Captain O'Neill told Miss L——, that they gave their daughter into her care with full confidence in her ability and kindness, and then added, "We must now summon resolution to part, as we set out this afternoon for London, there to join our vessel, which sails with the first fair wind."

Kathleen looked ready again to burst into tears, but she repressed them, and only clung to her parents, who kissing and blessing her again and again, at length forced themselves from her, and departed.

When they had left the house, Miss L——, in her kindest manner, tried to soothe and comfort the little stranger. "Ellen," said she, summoning me from the other side of the room, "here is a little friend, to whom I hope you will be very kind; you are both nearly of the same age, and will, I hope, love each other; you must now take Kathleen to the school-room, and introduce her to her new companions." Kathleen put her hand into mine, and we proceeded to the school-room, where the hour of study being passed, a scene of noisy mirth presented itself, from which Kathleen seemed to shrink and cling closer to me. I soon called around me several of my friends, to whom I introduced her, and she was immediately invited by so many voices at once, to join in their various sports, that she looked like one bewildered, and timidly replied, "Thank you, thank you, but I would rather sit still and look at you to-day." I placed her on a bench beside me, and we were quickly again left alone by the busy crowd, who returned to their own amusements. We soon became sociable, and conversed on various topics; at length, after a pause of some moments, Kathleen asked, "Were you, too, obliged to leave your father and mother, to come to school?" I answered in the affirmative. "But mine are going far, far from me," said she, her eyes filling

with tears; "it will be very long before I shall see them, and I never left them before."

"I hope you will be very happy here, and you *must* love Miss L——," I said, "but will you tell me where your parents are going?"

From the short and childish account which Kathleen then gave me, and from what I afterwards learned, I found that her father, Captain O'Neill, was the younger son of an Irish gentleman of high family, but that having very early in life secretly married the only daughter of a poor, but respectable clergyman, with nought but beauty and virtue for her portion, he had received a prohibition never again to enter the paternal dwelling or hold intercourse with its inmates. This decree was not likely, without a reversal, ever to be infringed by young O'Neill, and he was thrown upon the world without any resource but the pay of a lieutenant in the army, which he had entered about a year previous to his marriage. When all their ready money was expended, Mrs. O'Neill returned to her father's, with her infant daughter, whilst her husband resided in the barracks with his regiment, which, during the two or three ensuing years, was generally stationed in one of the neighbouring towns. During that period he was promoted, and then was enabled by strict economy to support his wife and child. The

years passed swiftly and happily until 18—, (the period at which my acquaintance with Kathleen commenced, and at which time she was eight years old,) when the regiment received orders to sail for the West Indies. Mrs. O'Neill resolved not to separate herself from her husband; they both feared the exposure of a foreign climate for Kathleen; and as Mrs. O'Neill's father had died about a year before, they determined, painful as was the effort, and severe the pain of parting with her, to leave Kathleen in England, at a school where she might derive the benefits of a good education. They wrote accordingly to Miss L——, who received her from her parents with promises of kindness and protection, which, as my readers will find, were in the end faithfully fulfilled.

The account which my young companion gave me of her happy home and fond parents, of the distance of their place of destination, and the uncertain period of their return, accounted for her sorrow, and excited in me unfeigned compassion: for some days she was silent and dejected, but by degrees recovered her spirits, became accustomed to what was at first strange, took an interest in our sports, and showed many signs of a lively and cheerful temper. Her *Irish* (or as it was termed by her comrades, her *outlandish*) name, a slight accent, together with

some innocent blunders, soon called forth the raillery of those around her, upon the subject of her nation; but this was always taken in good part, and sometimes retorted with a quickness and piquancy, which showed her to possess no small share of the wit and repartee for which that nation is remarkable. In her studies, her mother's care had left her by no means deficient; and when placed in the same classes with myself, I found that all my efforts were required to prevent my being surpassed: our attachment, however, remained undiminished, and our greatest delight was mutually to communicate all our little joys and sorrows. Three months passed, and when my uncle arrived, the pleasure of returning home was almost counterbalanced by my regret at leaving Kathleen, all solitary too as she would be. I left her, however, happy in having received letters from her parents announcing their safe arrival, and giving favourable accounts of their health and future prospects. When at home I did not fail to speak of her, and so constantly to expatiate upon her merits, that at length my brother (a few years older than myself) exclaimed, "Why, Ellen, this *Kathareen* of yours, must be quite an extraordinary person; I have a great curiosity to see her."

"Her name is not *Kathareen*, Charles," I re-

plied, "it is *Kathleen*, and I am sure you would be delighted if you were to see her." This conversation was followed up by a suggestion, that Miss L—— should be requested to allow her next holidays to be passed at N——.

I accordingly returned to school, with a petition from my parents for the purpose, and at the end of the ensuing term I was accompanied home by my young friend. By her gentle disposition, and the lively sprightliness of her mind, she quickly endeared herself to every member of my family, not excepting Charles, who even learned to call her by her right name, and she departed with a request from all, that I should not return again without her. Two years passed, during which time her improvement was rapid, and promised every future excellence; she had heard frequently from her parents, (for whom she retained all the warmth of her affection,) and had, from the tenor of their later letters, conceived the hope that her father's regiment would shortly be ordered home. She waited for a confirmation of this hope, when she received one evening a summons from Miss L——, to attend her in the parlour. As this was not usual, excepting on important occasions, our curiosity was in some measure excited, and I (who had made an arrangement to prepare a lesson with her) waited

with impatience for her re-appearance. She returned not, however; but just as we were retiring to our rooms, Miss L—— met us, and with a sad countenance told us, that she had that day received from Capt. O'Neill, the distressing account of the death of his wife. "Poor, poor Kathleen, what will she do!" burst from the lips of every one, whilst the next enquiry was, "where is she, and how does she bear it?"

"She was at first quite overcome by this unlooked for blow, but I hope she is now calm. I have taken her to my apartment, so that none of you will see her to-night, nor perhaps for a day or two, as she must have quiet and repose; this, I am very sure, I need not twice desire you to remember."

The next afternoon Kathleen desired to see me, and two or three of her companions whom she best loved. We found her tranquil, but her countenance bore marks of deep dejection, and looked even paler and more sorrowful than on the day of our first acquaintance. In a few days she returned to the school room, and endeavoured to resume her studies, although it was difficult to give her mind to them, whilst it was occupied with such deep grief. When its acuteness had subsided, she gave me an account of the contents of her father's letter, and I found that she was

better enabled to support the loss of one parent by the expectation of soon beholding the other. I afterwards learned that by this conveyance, Capt. O'Neill had remitted to Miss L—— a sum of money sufficiently large to defray all previous expenses of his daughter, accompanied by a request that Miss L—— would provide her with mourning for her beloved mother, and continue to supply to her that mother's place, as she had hitherto done, until he could himself take charge of her. After the lapse of a few weeks, Kathleen received another letter, announcing her father's intention of sailing immediately, and expressing the hope that his arrival might even precede that of the letter. This appeared to rouse all her energies, and to enable her to dispel her grief; the colour returned to her cheeks, and she redoubled her exertions in every branch of her study, that she might appear in his eyes worthy of her father's fond affection. Not a ring was heard at the bell, not a summons was received from Miss L——, scarcely did a door open, but it caused the quick blood to rush to her face, and her eyes to sparkle with expectation—but disappointment succeeded disappointment. No one came—no letter was received. Day after day passed; week after week; and still Kathleen looked in vain. She consoled herself by ideas

of the vessel's delay, a long passage, &c. with every other possible cause which she could discover or invent. Miss L—— gently encouraged her hopes, whilst she endeavoured to guard her against the state of nervous excitability into which she was falling.

At length the holidays arrived, and I, as usual, summoned Kathleen to accompany me home, but this she steadily refused. "How can you wish me to go, dear Ellen, when you know that I expect papa?" "Yes," I replied, "but cannot your father come for you to N——? it is not far from here, he can reach us in a day." But both my arguments and entreaties were vain. "No," said she, "I must remain with Miss L——, and then when papa comes, we shall all be so happy together. I will write to you, Ellen, as soon as he arrives, and when you return to school you will have the pleasure of seeing him."

This pleasure, however, did not await me; I saw instead my young friend waiting to receive me with tears in her eyes, which told me that her fond expectations had been vain, and her altered appearance soon gave witness to the truth of that proverb which saith, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I wrote to my father, begging him to make every investigation as to the fate of Col. O'Neill, and the result of his enquiries was,

that the —— regiment had returned to England, a short time before, and had been almost immediately ordered off to the East Indies; on enquiring the name of the colonel, he found it to be Grant, whilst that of O'Neill did not appear in the list. Thus failed our last hope; by this account we lost every clue by which to trace him.

* * * * * * *

Five years passed away, and Kathleen was still with Miss L——; during this period no tidings had been received of Colonel O'Neill!

These five years had wrought a striking change in Kathleen, by the important and mysterious events of her life; her character had been changed from the thoughtlessness of childhood, to the sedateness of a woman; she felt that she was utterly alone in the world, without a solitary relative to whom she might cling. When at the end of two years Miss L—— urged her to lay aside the mourning which she had assumed for her mother, she declined, saying, "that instead of one, I have now two parents to mourn for, and this dress best suits my feelings; besides this, dearest Miss L——," she added with an affectionate embrace, "you know I must now be very economical." I have before mentioned that Col. O'Neill's remittances had defrayed her expenses during the two first years of her residence at

school; from the time of their receipt Miss L—— had herself provided for her, and assured Kathleen that she should be unto her as a daughter. For this she felt the most unbounded gratitude, and expressed it with the affectionate warmth which belonged to her character. She was not long in forming for herself a plan of conduct, and she declared to Miss L—— that she would use every effort to profit for some years, by the instructions which her generosity afforded her, and thus be enabled, by assuming the station of a governess, to provide for her own support. "I can never, never repay your kindness, dearest Miss L——," she would exclaim, "but I shall always have the pleasure of loving you and being grateful."

She had now nearly completed her sixteenth year, and notwithstanding Miss L——'s entreaties that she would remain with her, had resolved, young as she was, to undertake an important charge. Mrs. F——, formerly a pupil of Miss L——, had lately come to reside within twelve miles of us, and on learning Kathleen's history, had immediately requested her to take charge of her three little girls, the eldest of whom was ten years old. Mrs. F—— knew her extreme youth, but she had learned also the character of Kathleen from her friend Miss L——, and she judged truly in believing that she would be able to find

but few superior to her. Possessing, as I have said, a naturally quick intellect and strong understanding, Kathleen had improved her mind, not only by strict attention to her school studies, but by much general reading; her accomplishments too were various, and in music, drawing, and dancing, she excelled most of her competitors. Her appearance was extremely interesting; her figure was tall and graceful, while her countenance, strikingly expressive, realised the promise of beauty given in her childhood.

If it is thought that she could not have been so clever at sixteen, that she could not in so short a time have learned so much, it must be recollected, that to fit herself for what she was now undertaking, had for five years been the one object to which all her thoughts and energies had been directed; that she had had no *kind friends* to draw her off for their or her amusement; and that the misfortunes of her childhood had given a sedateness to her mind, whilst to her disposition they had imparted a tone of gentleness and humility, which made her ever ready to profit by the advice and instructions of others.

The term was just ended, and most of our companions had gone home; in two days I was to leave school, and in about a fortnight Kathleen would set out for Mrs. F——'s. I felt sad at the

thought of parting with my friend, and taking my music book, went to the parlour to practise a lesson on the harp. Whilst bending over the instrument in a difficult passage, the door opened, and some one entered the room; this did not for some moments arrest my attention, until happening to raise my eyes, I beheld a gentleman whose countenance bespoke care rather than age, and whose manner was singularly agitated; he bowed politely as I rose, and enquired for Miss L——, who at the same moment entered the room.

After the first civilities, the stranger's manner became restrained, and he appeared anxious to repress some emotion; at length with hesitation he said, "May I ask, madam, if a young lady named O'Neill, resides with you?" "O'Neill! yes, sir, certainly; have you some business with Miss O'Neill?" At this moment a sudden thought seemed to strike Miss L——, turning quickly to me, she said, "Go, Ellen, and desire Kathleen"—but again doubts passed through her mind, and checking herself, she begged to know the name of the stranger.

But without listening to this question, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Kathleen! then all my apprehensions are unfounded, I have indeed again found my *daughter!*"

I scarcely heard the termination of this sen-

tence, for I was flying to the room where I had left Kathleen; before I opened the door, however, I recollected the alarm I should give her by appearing before her agitated and out of breath, and I paused to think how I should communicate the joyful intelligence. I found her sitting tranquilly at her work, and said with as much composure as I could assume, "Kathleen, my dear, there is a gentleman in the parlour wishes to speak to you."

"Oh! I suppose it is Mr. F——, who has come to tell me on what day they wish me to be with them."

"No, my dear, I do not think it is Mr. F——, for I have seen him twice, and this gentleman does not resemble him at all."

"Who can it be then?" she said, "for I scarcely know a gentleman in the world."

"Suppose, Kathleen, it should be *the gentleman* whom you most wish to see in the world—suppose it should be"—

"My father?" almost shrieked Kathleen. "Oh! Ellen, do not jest with me—it is impossible."

"Could I jest on such a subject? It is true, dear Kathleen—only be composed, and I will tell you all as we go to the parlour."

It was some moments before her agitation would permit her to walk, but I urged her so

strenuously to command herself, that by the time we reached the door, she had ceased trembling and was almost calm. The moment she entered, Col. O'Neill (for my readers already know that it was he, the long lost, who had returned) rushed towards her; but when he saw before him, instead of the childish form with which he had in some measure continued to associate the idea of his daughter, a tall, graceful and beautiful girl, he started with surprise, and for a moment half checked his eager movements: not so, Kathleen; for neither the lapse of years, nor the change in his appearance, had had power to make her forget the features so long cherished in her memory, and she stopped not, until she had thrown herself into the arms of her father, and giving vent to her uncontrollable emotions, burst into tears.

I will not longer dwell upon the first moments of reunion between the father and his child, so long and cruelly separated, but pass to the time when, both having become sufficiently calm, the one to relate, the other to hear the causes of that separation, Col. O'Neill, with Kathleen, Miss L——, and myself, close around him, began the history of the last five anxious years. As I was considered privileged to hear all that related to Kathleen, I will give it in his own words:

"A short time after despatching the last letter

which Kathleen has ever received, (though not by many the last which I have written,) my regiment, of which I was then colonel, prepared to sail; three days previously to that fixed for its departure, I was compelled by business to take a journey of about forty miles into the interior, and set out on horseback at a very early hour in the morning; but having imprudently continued to ride after the sun had acquired intense power, (instead of reposing in the heat of the day, as is there the custom,) I was suddenly attacked by what in those climates is denominated *a stroke of the sun:* no habitation was to be seen, and although suffering intense pain in my head, I continued to ride until I became bewildered, and lost all power of managing my horse, and in this state I must have fallen to the ground.

"When my senses returned, I found myself upon a bed in a richly furnished apartment, surrounded by several black servants, who with difficulty convinced me that I was at the house of a rich planter, whose slaves had discovered me a week before, lying senseless on the road, at the distance of a mile or two from their master's residence, and that after recovering from the state of torpor in which I was found, I had ever since continued in high delirium. I immediately requested to see the master of the house, who having

left my bedside but a few moments before, now returned, and testified the most lively satisfaction at the state in which he found me. After offering him my warmest thanks for his generous care of me, I explained to him the situation of my affairs, and at first insisted on returning immediately to the coast, to embark with my regiment, if indeed it might still be there. The hospitable planter represented to me, and soon convinced me that this was utterly impracticable; he said that my attack had been most violent, and that the physician had left the house that morning, uncertain what might be its crisis; this had proved favourable, but it had left me in a state of exhaustion, from which I could only recover by great tranquillity and rest. My kind host promised, however, immediately to despatch a trusty messenger to the coast, to inform the officers of my fate, and to delay the departure of the regiment. He arrived, however, too late; the captain of the vessel, after waiting three days for my return, declared that the wind would change, and render departure impossible; the troops also, worn out and feeble from the effects of the climate, showed signs of discontent; and after using every means in his power to discover me, which were fruitless, owing to my having communicated to no one the place where I intended to ride on that day,

Major Grant, the next officer in rank to myself, assumed the command, and they had set sail fifteen hours before the arrival of my courier. This information gave me much chagrin; I feared that my regiment might be ordered elsewhere before I could join it, and I feared also that my daughter might learn its arrival in England without me; the distress of mind which I suffered, retarded my recovery, and it was not until four weeks after my first attack, that I was able to take leave of my hospitable and generous benefactor. I hastened to the coast, and there found no vessel about to sail for England, but a miserable little trading schooner; in this, however, I resolved to embark at all hazards; our voyage at first was prosperous, but when it was two thirds accomplished, we were overtaken by a French privateer, which quickly captured us, and carried us into the port of Toulon. Here I hoped to be able to effect some exchange and return home, but I soon discovered that the proscription of Napoleon extended itself to me, and that I was numbered among the *detenus* from their homes and country. I wrote to Kathleen and to Miss L——, from Toulon, as well as many times afterwards, up to the period of my liberation; but these letters, owing to the state of non-intercourse between the countries, have never been received,

nor did I, during that period, learn any tidings of my daughter; she had despaired of my return, and my apprehensions in approaching this house, were scarcely less terrible than her utter abandonment of hope; now, however, I again embrace her, and behold her all that my fondest wishes could desire; may Heaven, who has guided us through years of sorrow, grant that we may no more be separated."

Thus ended Colonel O'Neill! I leave it to those of my readers who have felt the delight of being reunited to a beloved friend, after even a temporary separation, to imagine the happiness of the father and daughter; it was mingled with a touch of sadness from the remembrance of one whom they had mutually mourned; but time had softened this wound, and the thought of her loss seemed only the more to unite them, by the reflection that they were all in all to each other. How did Kathleen reap the reward of her virtue and acquirements, in the pleasure they afforded her father, and she retained in joy the same gentle and humble spirit with which she had borne her sorrows, whilst her vivacity and cheerfulness returned. Colonel O'Neill resolved to quit the service of his country, for which he had suffered so much, and to pass the rest of his days in tranquil repose; and this he was enabled to do with

ease, as his father, having died a year previously, had in his last illness repented of his harshness to his son, and had left him the fortune originally intended for him. Arrangements were made with Miss L——, who amid her rejoicing in Kathleen's happiness could scarcely help regretting that she had lost such an inmate. And let not my readers suppose that the excellent Miss L—— was forgotten by her grateful pupil. It is scarcely necessary to say, that she was fully remunerated for all her past care by Colonel O'Neill, who begged her to leave her school, and reside with them; but this she declined, as she had many important duties to fulfil, but there ever continued between herself and Kathleen, an intercourse and affection scarcely less tender than that between a mother and her child.

Nor was I the least gainer by the change in the destinies of my friend. I obtained a *second* place in the heart of the kind colonel; and as Kathleen had formerly passed her vacations with us, so now it was my most delightful recreation to spend some time at P——, in the society of *Colonel O'Neill and his sweet daughter.*

P. R. R.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie.

"And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise."

Thus sung "the great high priest of all the nine," and in these later times, thus sung sweet Alice Lyman. It was early morning, in the month of flowers and fragrance, love and gladness, and were an artist to personify leafy, brilliant, beautiful June, he could not do it more perfectly, than by embodying the fair being who repeated, "My lady sweet, arise!" as she gently tapped at the door of her aunt's apartment. "Come in!" was responded by a voice which seemed struggling to escape from the dominion of Morpheus, and yet evinced by its cadence that the effort was well nigh unavailing.

"Well, Alice, what's the matter?" said her aunt, as with a light, elastic step, she approached the bedside.

"The *matter*, my dear aunt! have you forgotten our engagement?"

"Our engagement!" repeated Miss Lyman, "you are dreaming, child; young ladies at your age are prone to dream of engagements."

"But this is reality, aunt—"

"Very true, Alice, you have dispelled the soothing visions of my sleep, and awakened me to the cold realities of life."

"But, aunt Mary, you cannot have forgotten your proposal for a walk to the sacrifice rock this morning?"

"The sacrifice rock, indeed!" said Miss Lyman, "it deserves to be christened anew."

"Then let us go and perform the ceremony," replied Alice.

"Surely you will wait until I have put on my robes of office," said Miss Lyman, as she proceeded to the duties of the toilette.

"Aunt Mary," said Alice smiling, "I would say, if I dared, that I do not think you quite consistent."

"And *I* will say," replied her aunt, "that I took my lessons from a young lady, who when at home, invariably engages every person in the

house to call her at an early hour, yet with her it is always too early, or she has just read an admirable treatise on the disadvantages of early rising; so that she was never but once known to make her egress at the street door until—(I won't tell the hour, Alice)—that one exploit is ever to be lamented, for she takes from it a license to call honest people from their beds at any and at all hours. I have no doubt she intends presenting a petition that it may be duly noticed at the coming centennial celebration, and that a true history thereof may be deposited in the archives of the commonwealth, for the benefit of succeeding generations.

"Alice, my dear, throw up the sash, and forgive me for deferring our walk till breakfast is over, as I have already detained you so long, and you know we must not keep our kind hostess waiting."

"Look! there she is this moment," exclaimed Alice, "going forth among her fruits and flowers, while the very air is filled with their fragrance. Do you see her? she is shaking the dew from that sweetbrier, and what a beautiful moss-rose she has placed in her bosom! herself as beautiful. Nor does she pass the violet, so graceful in its humility. I can almost fancy that the flowers hail her presence with delight; that the carnation

emits a sweeter fragrance, and the forget-me-not gazes on her with its loving blue eye."

"Well, Alice, even your prose has run mad, since our arrival in this place. I am not surprised at your impatience to be straying 'through woods, and brakes, and by the river's marge,' as this is your first visit to the country at the season when 'leaves are greenest, and summer is just begun.' This valley is your Arcadia, my sweet Alice, and all the dim and beautiful visions of a pastoral life are now to be realised."

"I beg pardon for dispelling your visions, dearest aunt," said Alice, "but don't you hear the breakfast-bell?"

"Yes," replied Miss Lyman, "and for your sake, I regret that we are not to breakfast with gentle shepherds and rustic nymphs, but I am so prosaic as to prefer the society of our friends."

And now, gentle reader, while they are paying their devoirs to the berry of Mocha, shall we not hasten on, and reach the hill before them? Although I confess my inclination to pay my homage at the same shrine, I will defer it for the sake of your society.

It is, indeed, a beautiful morning! Look at those fine elms and maples! They have just shaken off the pearly dew-drops, as they finished their ablutions, and now every leaf "lifts itself

as for a blessing," while their shadows are mingling in a graceful dance on the green-sward. A dance not unaccompanied by melody, for from the branches the merry birds send a fitful and glad music, to mingle with the freshness of the air.

We have now, as you perceive, reached the end of the village street, and we must open this gate, and pass a small green enclosure, and now a second gate, and we are at the foot of the hill, mustering our breath and speed for an ascent. And now we are toiling up the path, that winds so gently among the rich foliage. Here is the laurel which has given the hill its name, with its dark glossy leaves and beautiful blossoms, rising each side of the narrow pathway, almost excluding the sun, as the branches unite over our heads, and giving a refreshing coolness to the spot. Still above, as if more effectually to protect us, rises the tall oak, the monarch of the woods, which on this hill has been spared the murderous axe; that weapon, which guided by the hand of *utility*, has laid the pride of our forests low. Now we have gained the steep ascent, and stand on what may be called the table-land—not the summit—oh, no! we have not reached that. But here we are, in deep solitude, yet within a stone's throw of the dwellings

of men; noiseless solitude, except that the sounds of life and industry come faintly on the ear; the air is filled with the gay carol of the birds, and we hear the gentle murmur of the Housatonic, as it winds within a few yards of the base of this mimic mount.

Have you rested?—If so, we will go on in a path still shaded by the laurel, which is here more luxuriant than any we have seen. And now we have gained the summit of Laurel hill. Shall we not take our seats on the sacrifice rock? How many have sat here before us! How many have gazed on the rich panorama, "fair miniatured below!" The village street, with its long row of elms and maples, and white dwellings peeping from behind their leafy coverts;—the green interval extending far in the distance, studded with clumps of magnificent trees, and thriving orchards, which tell many a tale of fruit;—the rich fields of grain, presenting an evenness to the eye, that seems almost magical;—the gentle Housatonic, now stretching away, and then returning, as if unwilling to leave the embrace of the green banks, and bending willows;—the sloping hills, crowned with dwellings, that seem the abode of industry, peace, and elegance:—the whole shut in by that western ridge, its southern extremity, the monument mountain, its snowy crags in fine

contrast with the dark evergreens which spring from their clefts.

And is it surprising, that for many years, this hill has been the resort of the grave, and the gay, of the happy and the unhappy? that here the vows of friendship have been exchanged, and the tale of love told? that it has often resounded with the gay laugh of childhood, when the rustling pine has betrayed an ambush of happy children, hid from the view of their companions, while the more adventurous have climbed the low evergreens, and gaily swung as the passing breeze rocked their airy cradles?

Shall we now take the path which leads down the west side of the hill? How much more abrupt and wild, than the one by which we ascended! it is even difficult.

Ah! now we have come to what Miss Edgeworth's Irish Larry would have called "the bad step," just where the birch, with its silvery stem, and its glossy green leaves, shoots out from a cleft in the rock. And now we are safe at the bottom, in the grove of oaks, which extends some distance this side of the hill.

Come, let us sit down on this mossy couch, and recline against the rock, which is covered with different species of the same plant. How luxuriant is the grass at our feet! as if never

pressed by any footsteps save those of fay or fairy, and you know, as Ambrose Philips has it, "The grass springs green from their tread by night." It is indeed a fitting place for their revels. Here Oberon and Titania may have held their court, haply we occupy their sylvan throne—and, see! the acorn cups, filled with pearly dew, are scattered profusely around.——But look! Miss Lyman and Alice have gained the summit of the hill.

"My dear aunt," said Alice, "this scene is indeed beautiful."

"This scene is to me always beautiful," replied Miss Lyman, "I never tire of it. I have been here when this landscape was robed in the mists of morning, and when the rays of the sun pierced this filmy veil, as if to gaze on the beauties thus concealed. I have seen it rise, and melt away like the vanishing of a dream. I have been here, too, when the declining sun threw its last beams, when it sunk behind the mountains that lift their dark outline against the sky; and I have lingered, till the gorgeous clouds that remained after his departure, had faded away, and the deepening twilight spread its dusky wing over the earth. I have sat here in the deep hush of moonlight, I have seen the waters of yon stream sparkle as they were kissed by the silvery

beams, and I have traced its windings as far as the eye can reach by the light mist that marked its course."

"How different," said Alice, "is the scene you have just described, from what it was when the red man was lord of this beautiful valley; then there was no life, no beauty."

"No beauty, Alice! I fear I must become your opponent," said her aunt, playfully. "Is it to the refinement of cultivated society, that this valley owes all its charms? Has nature done nothing? Was there no life in the deep forest glades, when the timid deer was pursued by the fleet-footed Indian? Did not the river wind as gracefully as now, and murmur with as gentle music, when his light canoe shot across its surface, like a fleeting shadow?"

"And on this rock," said Alice, who had imbibed her aunt's spirit, "on this rock may have been kindled the council fire, near which the Indians sat in stern debate, while their huts formed a circle around the hill."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Lyman, "and scenes may have occurred here, similar to the one described by that pen, which has given new charms to our scenery, by throwing over it the veil of fiction—which has given to this spot the name of the Sacrifice Rock. But it is not merely the

associations to which we have alluded, that inspire my enthusiasm, for this place is connected with some of the happiest hours of my life."

"Is it possible, aunt! and why have you never told me? and now, when reminiscences are so much the rage, will you not favour me with yours?"

"Take care, then," replied Miss Lyman, "not to expect a love tale, for I must premise that I have no thrilling incidents to relate; no hard hearted fathers, nor broken hearts, will be presented, no passionate expostulations, nor even a brilliant denouement; nothing, in short, but the recollections of my younger days."

"I need not assure you, dearest aunt, that nothing can interest me more."

"My first visit to this valley," resumed Miss Lyman, "was made when attending my father on a tour for the benefit of his health. A friend of his, who resided in this place, had invited us to pass some time at his house. We stopped on our way to the Springs, for a few days, but were detained as many weeks, by my father's increased illness. I was then just at your age, Alice; my heart was alive to every new impression, and yet I had not the slightest idea of becoming interested in, much less warmly attached, to any of the dwellers in this retired

hamlet. But the event proved otherwise. A young lady—

"A young *lady*," repeated Alice, "I thought"—

"You thought I was surprised into a confession of love, was it not so, Alice? but lest you should *think* again, I will assure you it is simply a confession of friendship. Is your interest entirely destroyed? if not, I will repeat it. I became deeply interested in a young lady, whom I met soon after my arrival in this place. I cannot account for the interest, with which, from the first, I regarded her. She was not beautiful: in this respect she could not compete with many whom I had known. Nor was she remarkably graceful; on the contrary, I noticed a slight degree of awkwardness in her manner. Nor did she seem possessed of those conversational powers which are often a sure passport to favour. Yet my fancy soon found employment, in watching the varying expression of her countenance, where I thought I perceived traces of sorrow, which excited in me a desire to become her friend.

"The morning after I first met her, arose upon this valley as bright and lovely as the present, and as my father, after an early breakfast, had gone to ride with our host, I bent my steps to this place. As I ascended the hill, my thoughts

reverted to the preceding evening, and as I emerged from the narrow pathway, the subject of them was presented to me; for, seated on the point of the rock, I observed Miss Gordon, the young lady who had so much interested me. I must pass over what followed, or my story—I forget, 'tis not a story—call it what you will, will be prolonged unreasonably. Suffice it to say, we descended from this hill *friends*. Even *you* may smile at this, Alice, but to use the words of another, 'There are often sudden revelations of sympathy between human beings, by a word, a tone, a look, or a smile: truth is conveyed suddenly, and easily into their spirits, and from that moment they rest assured of each other's affection, and each other's worth, as much as if they had been mutually known for years.'

"The few and simple incidents of Miss Gordon's life, I learned partly from herself, at that time, and in part from others. Her father was a lawyer in the city of New-York; eminent in his profession, his eloquence at the bar unrivalled; his admirers numerous, his fortune supposed to be ample; but this supposition, as is too often the case, proved unfounded, and his death reduced his family to comparative indigence. Soon after this event, Mrs. Gordon received an offer of a home, for herself and child, with her

only sister residing in this place. At another time, she would have hesitated to accept it, but now her situation left her no choice. Here she devoted herself to the education of her daughter, whose fondness for intellectual pursuits evinced that her mother's labour was not in vain. Weeks and months passed, and Mrs. Gordon and her daughter were almost entirely dependent on each other for society. Mr. Sterling was a merchant, active and efficient in business, but with his whole soul intent on gain; it must be confessed, he regarded the pursuits of Mrs. Gordon with indifference, if not contempt, although for her he entertained a sincere respect. Mrs. Sterling too, whose mind was naturally far inferior to her sister's, had become gradually assimilated to her husband, in character and pursuits.

"The country folk were wont to regard Mrs. Gordon and Matilda with looks of admiration, as they met them in their morning walks, or when they went forth to breathe the fresh, sweet zephyr of evening. By degrees these admiring looks were exchanged for those of pity, for it was evident to all, that the mother was fast sinking in the arms of that disease, which so oft selects the fairest, and best beloved, for its prey. These apprehensions proved but too well founded, and in a few weeks Mrs. Gordon was no more.

"Matilda Gordon had been an orphan two years, and had attained the age of seventeen, at the time when I first saw her. She continued to reside with her uncle and aunt, who were justly proud of her, and treated her with kindness: but in vain did she look for congeniality of feeling or sentiment. They did not hesitate, to express their disrelish of those pursuits which were her chief joy, were silent when she spoke of the beauties of nature, or quoted a favourite author, until she found that the page of witching lore must be turned by stealth, if at all; and that every up-springing of fancy must be brought down to the level of this 'working day world.' Nor was this all; she had been accustomed to converse much with her mother, but now, although her thoughts flowed full and freely, she felt herself obliged to suppress them, or utter them in a cold and common-place manner. This accounted for the constraint of her manner, to which I have alluded. I became warmly attached to Miss Gordon, and every hour, when not attending my father, I spent in her society, either in climbing the mountain's brow, or descending into the grassy dells, and woody dingles of the green wood; or, in a less romantic place—her school-room; for, Alice, Matilda's high imaginings were condemned to the salutary discipline of teaching a district school."

"And how does a district school differ from others?" asked Alice.

"Your city nurture, Alice, excuses your ignorance, and I will endeavour to remove it. These schools are an inheritance from our puritan ancestors, whom you have often heard commended for their exertions to promote the cause of education, and secure its blessings to their descendants. Every town is divided into districts, according to the number of children between the ages of four and sixteen, for each of whom a certain sum is drawn from the public treasury. The moneys thus drawn are applied to the support of the schools, in the different districts. The school tax, as it is called, is assessed upon individuals, in proportion to the amount of property in their possession: it must of course be paid, whether their children attend the school or not, and with many this is an excuse, for not availing themselves of one of a higher order.

"District schools are usually taught by females in summer; sometimes also in winter. They are in many places obliged to 'board round;' this is to you an unintelligible phrase, and I will translate it. They are allowed to board in one family, a certain number of days for each scholar sent, and when they have 'boarded out' the time, they commence their perambulations through the

district. In this manner they literally eat their bread from house to house, and are exposed to wind and rain, to driving sleet and snow.

"I will give you a description of a half day, which I spent in Miss Gordon's school-room. We found on our arrival fifty children assembled, of all ages and conditions, though the arena of such a school is a powerful leveller of all artificial distinctions. The exercises of the day were commenced, by hearing the first class read in Murray's English Reader. Imagine a number of boys and girls learning to read, and for that purpose a book put into their hands, of which they did not probably understand a single line. Here were the sublime speculations of Addison, the beautiful essays of Blair, and the masterly productions of Johnson. Here, too, was the sepulchral blank verse of Young, nor were Pope and Milton wanting. The section and page, at which they commenced, were given with great promptness, by the boy at *the head*, who began that fine passage, 'Now came still evening on, and twilight grey,' &c. I shall never forget the tone with which this was read, nor the emphasis on *on*, and *and*. 'Oh!' said Matilda, 'that will never do,' and she went through it, in a manner that would have entranced a more refined audience. Another and another succeeded, and the

varieties of tone and manner were absolutely ludicrous. This was over, and now the business of the day seemed fairly commenced. 'Miss Gordon, is my copy set?' enquired one. 'Will you mend my pen?' asked another. 'Please to rule my paper,' added a third.

"Then were exhibited books, some of which were filled with characters, which, I am certain, bore no resemblance to any thing in earth beneath, others with 'black, rough *pot-hooks*, horrid to the sight,' and others still might have been presented to an antiquarian society, as fac similes of ancient inscriptions. Then succeeded another class in reading, another, and still another, until they arrived through all the gradations of Webster's Spelling Book, at

> 'The endless round of A B C's whole train,
> Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.'

"Here, were girls learning to knit, others sewing, some were marking samplers, and others working muslin. Here were stitches to take up, yarn to join, needles to begin, seam-stitches, narrowings, and all the mysteries of knitting, to be attended to. 'Miss Gordon, I have lost my needle!' said one child, in a pitiful tone. 'Will you get out the knot in my thread?' asked another. 'Will you please to bend my needle straight?'

said a third. 'Is that letter marked right?' enquired a fourth. 'Will you baste on my pattern?' added a fifth. 'Miss Gordon, here is somebody's needle,' said one little girl, who was really a sweet child. 'It is yours, my dear,' replied my friend. 'Why, no, ma'am, it isn't, for I'm knitting now;' and so she was, on three needles, in a manner that would have puzzled a wiser head. Her work formed a perfect triangle, so you perceive the 'apparatus for visible illustration,' is no new thing under the sun.

"I have not done with Pandora's box, which I verily believe was opened in that school-room. Here were boys cyphering in Daboll's, Pike's, or Adams's Arithmetic, for aught I know, who were continually calling to have their sums set down, or looked at. Here, too, were classes in Cummings's Geography, and a few poring over the tiresome and minute descriptions of Morse. Alas! in those days, Colburn and Woodbridge had not visited the interior of a school room.

"And now, Alice, imagine all these multifarious occupations proceeding at the same time, and all equally requiring aid, and assistance, from the teacher, and you will have but a slight idea of the miseries of a district schoolmistress.

"There were, besides, classes in spelling, to correspond with those in reading, and innumera-

ble complaints of the weather, &c. such as 'Miss Gordon, I'm too warm;' and, 'Miss Gordon, the sun shines;' and, 'Miss Gordon, my head aches;' and her only escape from these, and a host of other grievances, was to assure them that she was sorry if they were in pain, and that she did not cause the sun to shine. But I've done——"

"Not with Miss Gordon, I hope," replied Alice, "surely a mind like hers was not always compelled to remain 'fettered by a viewless chain,' to so spirit-breaking an employment. It reminds me of Scott's admirable description of a teacher's miseries, in Old Mortality."

"And does he not also describe their evening walks, contrasted as they are with the labour and confinement of the day? No! Alice, had you seen Matilda, as I saw her in those walks, you would have been convinced, that no chains can bind that mind, which has once burst the fetters of ignorance, and soared into those fair regions which are illumined by knowledge and virtue.

"And now, my dear Alice, permit me to introduce a young gentleman to your notice. At the time of Mr. Gordon's death, there resided in this village a lawyer, of very considerable talents, by the name of Campbell. As he aspired to a wider field in his profession, and was anxious to promote the education of his son, he removed to New

York. Edward Campbell was a boy of uncommon promise. He completed his collegiate course with honour; entered on the study of his profession, and was soon admitted as a partner in his father's office. Mrs. Campbell had ever retained an attachment to this valley, where she had passed many happy years; Edward cherished with fondness the remembrance of the haunts of his boyhood, and gladly attended her on a visit to this place about a year after the period to which I have referred."

"And fell in love with Matilda Gordon, didn't he, aunt?" interrupted Alice.

"What!" said Miss Lyman, "the elegant, the refined Edward Campbell, fall in love with a village schoolmistress!—a youth, on whom the smiles of the city belles had been lavished, condescend to woo, and win, a country damsel!—how absurd!

"The peace and serenity of this valley, as Edward contrasted it with the noise and bustle of the city, brought back to his heart all the fresh feelings of childhood, and produced a state of mind, which, in a young *lady*, we should call romantic or sentimental.

"Do you go to school?" said Edward to a beautiful little girl, the daughter of one of his friends in the village.

"Oh, yes," replied she, "I love to go to school, because I love Miss Gordon, and I know if *you* went, you could not help loving her."

"But perhaps she would not allow me to come," said he.

"Oh yes, sir, I know she would, if you'd be good: Miss Gordon is always grieved when we are not good, though she does not always tell us so."

"Then how do you know?" enquired Edward, pleased with her childish simplicity.

"Oh! she looks so grieved, sir; but you never saw her, did you?"

"No, my dear."

"Then wo'nt you go tomorrow? only a little while," added she, coaxingly.

"But perhaps she will be grieved if I come," said Edward.

"No, sir, I'm sure she will not, because she never looks grieved in the morning, but always so happy, when we run to meet her."

"The next morning, as Mr. Campbell was crossing the hall, he met little Sue.

"Now, Mr. Campbell, I'm going to school, wo'nt you go," said she, earnestly.

"Not to-day," replied he, "I am going to walk, however, and will lead you to school."

"As Edward and Sue approached the hall of

learning, Miss Gordon appeared in the opposite direction. "There she is," exclaimed the child, "there's Miss Gordon," and as they approached nearer, she continued triumphantly, "There, Mr. Campbell, Miss Gordon don't look grieved, does she?" at the same time quitting his hand, and taking Matilda's in both hers.

"Edward bowed and smiled, as the child effected, unconsciously, an introduction without the ceremony.

"Edward," said his mother the same day, as they sat at dinner, did you know that the widow and child of Mr. Gordon came to this place to reside soon after his death, and our removal to the city?"

"I did not, ma'am," replied Edward, "though Sue has told me of a Miss Gordon, who is her teacher at school."

"I once knew Mrs. Gordon," continued Mrs. Campbell, "she was a superior woman, and I hear that her daughter inherits both the virtues and talents of her parent. She resides with her aunt, Mrs. Sterling, on whom I intend to call this evening; will you accompany me?"

"Certainly, ma'am," replied her son, very dutifully.

"That evening was not the last in which Edward paid his respects to Miss Gordon. I

see, Alice, you have anticipated me; you are already aware that he left this place her declared lover. The ensuing spring I officiated as bride's maid at Matilda's wedding. She removed to the city, where, no longer oppressed by painful circumstances, she became the charm of her social circle. Her retired life had stored her mind with knowledge, and quickened her perceptions of all that is beautiful in the natural world. Nor was the employment in which she had been engaged, without a beneficial effect on her character. It was tiresome, indeed, but not irksome; it inured her to habits of self-denial; it incited her to active exertions to promote the good of others."

"Aunt Mary," said Alice, as Miss Lyman paused, "I know that

'Friends, however true,
Like leaves of autumn change and die.'

But I could have hoped, that your friendship would have continued. Yet I have never before heard you speak of her; but perhaps I give you pain, and I am sure she could not be more worthy of your love, than our kind hostess, Mrs. Russell."

"Well, Alice, when I assure you that Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Russell are one and the same, your admiration will be increased."

"Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Russell the same person!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, my dear, I have been practising an innocent artifice, for the purpose of interesting you in the character of my friends. I have presented them under feigned names, for I knew you love a little touch of romance.

"Matilda and Edward retained their fondness for a country life, and a year or two since removed to this village, and purchased the spacious house and beautiful grounds, where they now reside."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, aunt?"

"They have removed to that limitless region, 'The West.' But come, let us return. Shall we not take the path on the bank of the river? The street is dusty, and the sun oppressive."

"Yes, thank you, dear aunt; it will be delightful to go home under the shady willows, and through the green meadows." S.

THE DOLL.

Young Ellen was a pretty child,
  Of nearly ten years old,
But far too turbulent and wild,
  To do as she was told.

To mount up ladders, swing on gates,
  To run, to climb, to fight;
And to do all a good girl hates,
  Was Ellen's great delight.

When wash'd, and comb'd, and neatly dress'd,
  And sent to walk or play;
You never, I am sure, would guess,
  How she would bend her way.

Instead of calling on some friend,
  To take a pleasant walk;
Or one who liked her time to spend
  In quiet play or talk;

She'd join some rude and noisy boys,
  And with them would be borne
To mingle in their boisterous joys,
  Till all her clothes were torn.

Engraved by Illman & Pilbrow

THE DOLL.

Published by T.T. Ash Philad.ª

Then, fearful of her mother's eye,
  She'd sneak up stairs to bed,
And restless and uneasy lie,
  And roll her sleepless head.

But yet, though pain, regret, and shame,
  Succeeded every day;
Yet every following day, the same,
  Was her untoward way.

Till a sad lesson she received,
  Unlooked for and severe;
For which through her whole life she griev'd,
  And dropt the bitter tear.

One only creature, we believe,
  Did Ellen truly love;
To her alone did Ellen grieve
  Unkind or harsh to prove.

This one, her little sister was,
  As gentle, kind and good,
As free from error, as, alas!
  Poor Ellen's course was rude.

As blush of opening rose, her cheek
  Was tinged with health's bright hue;
Her countenance was gay, yet meek,
  Her speaking eyes were blue.

To this sweet child, (Jane was her name,)
  Who was belov'd by all,
One day a handsome present came,
  A doll, both stout and tall.

A waxen doll, with bright black curls,
  How great to her the prize!
And just like real living girls,
  It op'd and shut its eyes.

Its dress, too, was the most complete,
  That you would wish to view;
All in a piece, from head to feet,
  Both neat and handsome too.

Delighted with her treasure, she
  Ran round to show her prize;
Her spirits light, her heart as free,
  As dancing as her eyes.

Then to her grand-mamma she flew,
  Who liv'd across the way;
Whose tender bosom well she knew,
  Rejoiced to see her gay.

And as she ran, with joy elate,
  She seem'd a creature bright;
Such as on whom, with care to wait,
  Good angels take delight.

Her mother at the window stood,
  And on her darling smil'd;
And bless'd the Giver of all good,
  Who gave so sweet a child.

But transient as the meteor's gleam,
  The lovely vision prov'd;
Though bright as morning's orient beam,
  And e'en as life beloved.

For in an instant, at her head,
  With quick and sudden bound,
A stone from hand unseen was sped,
  And stretch'd her on the ground.

Now all is terror, grief, and woe,
  And to the mother's breast,
Which lately felt so proud a glow,
  A lifeless form is press'd.

But who can picture Ellen's woe,
  Her grief and anguish tell?
The stone she threw in sport—but, oh!
  Her darling sister fell!

CHARADE.

Pronounce my first, and 't will appear
That I'm a twelfth part of the year:
My next, if duteous, will impart
Much pleasure to a parent's heart:
My whole denotes a man of trade,
And one of secret art, 'tis said.

ANTHONY AND CLARA;

OR, THE ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

Clara Milbank was extremely fond of reading, and frequently, when deeply interested in a book, she persisted in straining her eyes over it, long after sunset, till the increasing dusk of evening made the letters no longer distinguishable. For this imprudence she paid dearly, as it caused an inflammation in her eyes, which threatened to be attended with serious consequences. She suffered considerable pain, could no longer approach the light, and was obliged to abstain from all her usual occupations, and could indulge herself no more in her favourite enjoyment of reading.

The lady who presided over the boarding school, of which Clara was a pupil, wrote to inform Mrs. Milbank of her daughter's malady, and the anxious father and mother (whose residence was about fifty miles from Philadelphia) immediately hastened to the city, bringing with them their two younger children, Edmund and Harriet. They took lodgings at a house in Chesnut street,

to which they immediately brought Clara, that they might have her constantly with them till her eyes were well again, which the doctor assured them would be in a few weeks, provided great care was taken not to use them prematurely.

The disease soon began to yield to the remedies prescribed, and there was every prospect of Clara's being able in a short time to return home with her parents, as their intention now was to keep her with them in the country till autumn.

As the time of their visit to Philadelphia was drawing towards a close, Mr. Milbank sent for his eldest son Anthony, who was at a school in Jersey, that he might be with them for a few days before they went home. Anthony was delighted to meet all his family again, and particularly his sister Clara, who was about a year older than himself, and whom he called his best and dearest friend.

Anthony took great pleasure in the study of natural history, and he had lately been reading a great deal about the elephant, which, as he said, was his favourite beast. He was therefore transported with joy, as soon as he arrived in Philadelphia; for on coming up from the wharf, he found, by the bills at the corners, that Fanny, the famous elephant of Siam, was still performing at the theatre, and that consequently he should

have an opportunity of seeing this extraordinary animal, of whom he had heard so much.

The delight of Anthony was indescribable when his father told him, that as Clara's eyes were now pronounced to be quite well, and as they should shortly return to Mount Laurel, they were all to go to the theatre on the following night, to see the elephant, it being her last appearance.

"Clara," said Mrs. Milbank, "how will you like to wear your green shade at the theatre? for though your eyes are entirely well, you know the doctor said that great care must be taken to prevent a relapse."

"Oh," replied Clara, "the thought of wearing my shade will not give me one unpleasant feeling. You know, when I am at the theatre, I think of nothing but the play, and I cannot suppose the audience will withdraw their attention from the stage to fix it on a little girl of fifteen, merely because she wears a green shade, which any one can see, in a moment, is only to screen her eyes from the light."

"I am glad to find," said Mrs. Milbank, "that you take so sensible a view of this subject. Too many young girls, when they visit a place of amusement, allow their own appearance to occupy nearly the whole of their attention, and are as solicitous about their dress and their looks, as if

they supposed the eyes of all the company were directed to them."

"For my part," exclaimed Anthony, "rather than not see the elephant, I would be content to go to the theatre in a palm leaf hat, and a red flannel jacket, and with my face tied up for the tooth-ache; and a worse looking figure than that, I certainly cannot imagine. How very glad I am, that dear Clara's eyes are well, and that she will be able to see the elephant; for, independent of Miss Fanny, the play of the Fire Fiend must, according to the bills, be most magnificent. Well, I wish to-morrow evening were come. How shall I get through the time till then?"

"One thing you must certainly do," said Mr. Milbank, "and that is to write a long letter to your good grandfather, who is extravagantly fond of you, and who is much hurt at your not having addressed one line to him during the last three months."

"Dear father," replied Anthony, "you know I write home once a week, and that of course grandfather sees all my letters, as you and my mother are over at his house every day."

"That is not sufficient," answered Mr. Milbank. "Your grandfather is particularly desirous of sometimes getting a letter addressed precisely to himself, and telling him of things in which you

know him to take peculiar interest. Therefore, since you have been so remiss, I must tell you, that unless you write your grandfather a long and satisfactory letter, to go by the next mail, which will set out before daylight to-morrow morning, I cannot permit you to accompany us to the theatre in the evening. Whatever trouble it may give you to write the letter, will be nothing to the gratification with which he will receive it. And you must learn in time to make sacrifices for the comfort and pleasure of others, especially of those who love you. Remember that the letter must be put into the post-office to-night. In one that I received from him yesterday, your grandfather complains again of your not writing to him."

"He shall complain no longer," replied Anthony, "for he shall most certainly have a letter from me by this post."

"Then begin it at once," said Mr. Milbank, "and I wish you to tell him, that as Clara's eyes are now well, we shall leave Philadelphia next Wednesday. This afternoon we propose taking the carriage and visiting the water works, and the china manufactory."

"If so," said Anthony, "had I not better defer writing the letter till after we come home, and I can then describe the water works and the

china to my grandfather, who, though he has seen them himself, will be glad to have my account of them?"

"Be it so, then," replied Mr. Milbank, "but remember, no letter, no theatre."

In the afternoon the whole family rode out to Fair Mount, to the great delight of the two younger children, who had never before seen that beautiful place, and to whom Mr. Milbank gave an explanation of the ingenious and powerful machinery, by which the city of Philadelphia is so abundantly supplied with the fine water of the Schuylkill.

On their return, they stopped at Mr. Tucker's china manufactory, where little Harriet expressed her surprise at finding that making china was something like making pies, and said that the dough which the men were rolling out in sheets, with large rolling pins, looked so nice and white, that she thought when it was baked, she should like to eat some of it. She could scarcely believe, till it was shown to her in cups and saucers, that this dough, when baked, became china.

Anthony, on the vellum leaves of his little pocket book, made memorandums of what chiefly struck him at these places, that he might give a clear account of them to his grandfather; and Clara, though she took no notes, observed at-

tentively every thing she saw, with a view of impressing it on her memory. The light caused no inconvenience to her eyes, which were guarded by the green shade inside of her bonnet, and the green veil outside.

Tea was ready when they got home; and soon after, the two younger children (who had never seen a play) went to bed, that they might, as they said, have a fine long sleep, and be able to keep wide awake next night at the theatre. This made Anthony smile, as he could not conceive the possibility of any one being sleepy at a play.

Having again reminded Anthony of his letter to his grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Milbank went out to spend the evening with some friends. As they had a private sitting room up stairs, Anthony repaired thither to commence his epistle, and found Clara sitting alone on the sofa, and employed in making paper matches for the lady of the house; not yet venturing to risk her eyes with a book.

Anthony rested himself at the centre table, raised the lamp a little higher, drew towards him the writing apparatus, and most resolutely began his letter to his grandfather.

Having written the date, he found that his pen did not suit him; he mended it, but liked it no better. He tried another quill, but still could not succeed. He now showed symptoms of

restlessness, threw himself back, and flung first one arm over his chair, and then the other, clasped his hands above his head, and at last exclaimed, "'Tis all in vain—I cannot write to my grandfather this night."

Clara.—Oh! Anthony, Anthony, you know what my father said to you. Do, pray, try and collect your ideas, and persevere in your letter. After the first sentence or two, it will be easy enough.

Anthony.—No, it will not. I must apologize for having so long neglected writing to my grandfather, and I have no good excuse to make; and even when I get through that, I know not what else to say.

Clara.—I thought you were to give him an account of our little excursion this afternoon.

Anthony.—I cannot find words to describe even that. In short, as Richard says, "I'm not in the vein." The truth is, I wish to go this evening to the museum, to see the elephant Columbus, who, I have been told, is so well stuffed and preserved, that he looks as if alive. I have not been there since he was put up, and I never was so fortunate as to see an elephant, either living or dead.

Clara.—But had you not better derive your first impression of the animal, from the living

one that we are to see to-morrow at the theatre?

Anthony.—All elephants are not alike. But I wish to go close to this Columbus, to examine him minutely, and to look at him as long as I please. When I am quite familiar with the real appearance of the beast, (which hitherto I have only known from prints,) I am certain that I shall have much more pleasure in seeing the elephant-actress.

Clara.—You can go to the museum to-morrow morning.

Anthony.—That is true, but I am taken with an irresistible desire to go to-night. I *must* have a sight of the elephant Columbus. I have suddenly set my mind on it.

Clara.—That is nothing new, dear Anthony. You are continually setting your mind on things all of a sudden.

Anthony.—"It is the voice of nature." Unaccountable impulses should always be attended to.

Clara.—But your impulses are so very unaccountable.

Anthony.—This, however, is not; for I have thought of nothing but elephants for several weeks past, and have read every thing I could find concerning them. You must acknowledge them to be the noblest and most sagacious of

all animals. Does not Pope speak of "the half reasoning elephant?" Whole reasoning, he might have said. I have no doubt that the elephant Fanny, has twice as much sense as Mrs. Upton or Miss Lumley.

Clara.—Dear Anthony, let me entreat you to resume your letter.

Anthony.—It is utterly impossible. I cannot write a line till I have been to the museum and seen the elephant Columbus, as a preparation for Fanny.

Clara.—I wish I could write your letter for you.

Anthony.—I wish you could. And why not? Your hand writing so exactly resembles mine, that it is difficult to distinguish them, and you know my grandfather cannot see very well, even with his spectacles. Not, however, that *my* hand is like that of a girl, but, as my father remarks, there is a firmness and freedom in yours, that is seldom seen in the writing of a female. Ah! Clara, you do every thing well.

Clara.—I cannot write this letter for you. I would, on no account, be guilty of such a deception.

Anthony.—It is a deception that can produce nothing but good, and therefore it is innocent.

Clara.—No deception can be innocent.

Anthony.—Well, even supposing that it is a little, a very little, improper. Still, dear Clara, you are always so good, that you may afford to do wrong sometimes.

Clara.—Oh! Anthony, what bad reasoning.

Anthony.—Think that you will oblige *me*, and delight your grandfather, and do no harm to any one. Come now, here is a clean sheet of paper.

Clara.—(Taking up the pen.) I fear I am going to do very wrong.

Anthony.—I would do wrong fifty times to give you pleasure.

Clara.—I shall never put your affection to that test.

Anthony.—Now, dearest Clara, give my grandfather a full and true account of the water works and the china manufactory, and make good use of these memorandums which I fortunately took on the spot. When you describe the composition of porcelain, do not call it dough, like little Harriet; and in speaking of the water works do not mistake the dam for the basin. It is a pity that girls are so ignorant of hydraulics—I question if many of them know even the meaning of the word.

Clara.—I do. It is the science of conveying water through pipes or other conduits. However, give me your memorandums, and I will try

my best. Wait till I pull the shade lower down over my eyes.

Anthony.—Ah! I forgot your eyes. That alters the case. No, dear Clara, you shall run no such risk for me. I would not cause the slightest pain in your eyes, after you have suffered so much, even if I could have both elephants here in the parlour. Return to your match-making. Give me the pen, and I will actually write the letter.

He again sat down and made another attempt, but with no better success than before. At last he started up, saying, "Clara, it is impossible for me to write now. Instead of beginning the letter, 'Dear grandfather,' I have commenced with 'Dear Columbus.' It will not take me more than half an hour to go to the museum and accomplish my purpose. I shall then return calm, satisfied, and composed, and fit for any thing, however disagreeable, and then I shall be able to finish my letter at once."

Clara.—Oh! Anthony!

Anthony.—Indeed, Clara, I really must go. But I will certainly be back in half an hour. Adieu—let all the writing implements remain as they are. You will see me again almost immediately."

And so Anthony intended. But when he got

to the museum, the time he took to examine the elephant Columbus was much longer than he supposed. Then he went to another apartment, to look at the skeleton of this elephant, which stands beside that of the mammoth. He staid there some time comparing these two immense structures of bone, and was amazed to find how small appeared that of the elephant beside the stupendous skeleton of the long perished monarch of the American forest.

Seeing a crowd assembled at a certain spot, he found they were looking at the beautiful little model of the locomotive engine, which was shortly to commence its rounds, and with a sight of which his father intended to gratify the whole family before they left town. Anthony determined at least to see the engine start, and he lingered till the little machine set off on its circuit, its miniature piston rising and descending into the cylinder, its chimney smoking, its boiler bubbling, and its furnace glowing. While it took its rapid course along the mimic rail-way, which ran round the whole interior of the museum, turning the corners of the rooms as if impelled by life, and guided by sense, and steadily holding on its almost magic flight, how could a boy be expected to leave the place?

The next thing was to see the car attached to

the engine; and this being done, two young ladies placed themselves in the handsome and convenient seats, and holding by the handles at the sides, they were safely and rapidly conveyed round the course. The ride lasted about a minute, and the machine being then stopped, the ladies resigned their seats to two other applicants.

Anthony of course felt an ardent desire to have a ride, but as that was not to be expected by a boy till all the females present had taken their turn, he was induced to remain till after ten o'clock, and then his wish was gratified.

And what became of his letter to his grandfather? Clara sat at her matches anxiously waiting his return. The state house clock struck nine, and finding that still he came not, she seated herself at the table, and by way of helping him on a little, she wrote a few lines of the letter; her hand, indeed, being exactly similar to that of her brother. Unconsciously she proceeded. There is no occupation in which time passes away so rapidly as in writing. She went on till she had filled two pages. The clock struck ten.

"When Anthony *does* come home," thought she, "he will have little inclination to write at this late hour, and the letter is to go to the post-office to-night; so I may as well finish it for him, as I do not feel that my eyes are any the worse."

Just as she had concluded the last page, Anthony ran in quite out of breath, exclaiming, "Oh! my letter, my letter! If it is not in the post-office before I go to bed, I shall be made to stay away from the theatre to-morrow night."

Clara held out the letter, saying, "Look, Anthony, it is done. I feared you would not return in time, and I have written it for you myself, as you suggested."

Anthony's answer was to give his sister a hearty kiss, and having sealed the letter, he ran to the post-office, and threw it in. As soon as he returned he went immediately to bed, and so also did Clara, before Mr. and Mrs. Milbank came home.

Though she had done it from the kindest motives, Clara felt much dissatisfied at having so essentially aided her brother in deceiving both his grandfather and his parents; and she had a presentiment that something would occur which would make both Anthony and herself regret it deeply.

In the morning when she awoke, she found her eyes very painful, and when the light came into the room it seemed to pierce them like the points of pins. On looking in the glass she found them extremely red and inflamed. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the consequence of my

writing last night. What shall I do? At all events, I will not betray poor Anthony."

She closed the shutters so as almost entirely to darken the room. Having bathed her eyes with rose-water, she put on her green shade, and went down to breakfast, hoping they would be better after a while, and in much alarm lest a discovery should take place. She met Anthony on the stairs, going up to enquire how her eyes felt. Unwilling to grieve him, she replied evasively, but he insisted on knowing, and was much afflicted when he understood the real state of the case. He led his sister to the eating room, but in a few moments his heart became so full that he was obliged to quit the breakfast table.

When the repast was concluded, and the Milbank family had adjourned to their own parlour, Clara, being in much pain, took her seat in the darkest part of the room, and turned her back to the light; hoping that as her parents were earnestly engaged in conversation, they would not observe her till she had thought what she had best do, or till she had an opportunity of consulting with Anthony. But in a few minutes her mother looked at her and said, "My dear Clara, I hope your eyes are not worse. Let me see them."

Clara in much confusion raised her shade, and both Mr. and Mrs. Milbank uttered an exclama-

tion of surprise and sorrow at beholding their inflamed appearance.

"Oh," cried the mother, "I fear her eyes are relapsing. What can be the cause, when they have seemed perfectly well for the last week?"

"Clara," asked Mr. Milbank, "do you know any reason for your eyes being so much worse this morning?"

Clara could not tell a falsehood. She blushed and held down her head. "I wrote a letter last evening," said she. "Ah! Clara," exclaimed little Edmund, "I thought to be sure you would save your eyes to see the elephant with us to-night."

"I fear," said Mrs. Milbank, "you have been replying to Louisa Belfield's last letter. You know I disapprove of all correspondence between young girls who are not members of the same family, as their letters are either filled with idle gossip, or are so stiff, constrained, and affected, as to be totally uninteresting and indeed unmeaning. It is sufficient for a very young girl to write to her own immediate relations; or at most to one intimate and judicious friend. Louisa Belfield's letters are too frequent and too foolish. You must reply to them no more."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Milbank, "that you have injured your eyes in so unworthy a cause.

And particularly so, as it will be impossible for you to accompany us to the theatre to-night, without great danger of their becoming as bad as ever. Was the pleasure of writing to Louisa Belfield worth the risk of a relapse?"

While Mr. Milbank was speaking, Anthony came in, and in a moment comprehended the whole.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I cannot hear Clara blamed, when she deserves praise rather than reproof. She has not been writing nonsensical letters to Louisa Belfield. On the contrary, she yielded to my persuasion, and wrote the letter to my grandfather, while I went to the museum to see the dead elephant Columbus, that I might be better prepared for the living elephant Fanny."

"No, Anthony," said Clara, "you did not persuade me to write the letter; at least not after you recollected my eyes. You merely suggested it. And I wrote it of my own accord during your absence."

"You are a kind, affectionate sister," replied Anthony, pressing her hand, "and if you cannot go to the theatre this evening, I shall never forgive myself for my folly and impatience last night in insisting on going to the museum, and for my thoughtlessness in staying there so long; and worse than all, for having first put it into your

head to write the letter for me. As for myself, after what I have occasioned, I do not expect to go—and I submit to my punishment; I will bear it as well as I can."

Mrs. Milbank was affected, and said something in a low voice to her husband, which induced him to address Anthony in these words: "That you deserve punishment is most undoubtedly true, nevertheless this time I will waive it in consideration of your having candidly avowed your delinquency, and vindicated your sister at your own expense."

"If I had not done so," said Anthony, "what a scoundrel I should have been."

"Then Anthony may still go to the play," exclaimed the little children, "and Clara too."

"Anthony can go," replied Mr. Milbank, "but in the present state of Clara's eyes she would suffer more pain from the lights, than she would derive pleasure from the entertainment."

"Here is the doctor," said Mrs. Milbank, "let us hear what *he* says, but as to her going out this evening, it is evidently impossible."

The doctor came and expressed much regret at the unfavourable appearance of his patient's eyes, the cause of which was explained to him in a few words by her father. He prescribed the former remedies, and again remanded her to

a darkened room, till the complaint should be finally removed.

Anthony, who had listened to the doctor with an anxious heart, covered his eyes with his hand to conceal his tears. It was the last night that the elephant was to perform, so that if they saw her at all they must go then, and a gentleman and lady who were to leave town next day, depended on joining their party. Mrs. Milbank sent to two young ladies with whom Clara was acquainted, to know if they would come and spend the evening with her, but both of them were also going with their families to the theatre; and she knew no other persons whom she could request to sit for several hours in a dark room with her daughter.

Anthony, however, declared that all this was unnecessary, and avowed his firm intention of remaining at home with his sister; a plan which Clara earnestly opposed, alleging that she could get through the evening perfectly well by herself. To this, however, none of the family would consent. "I think," said her kind mother, "I will myself stay away from the theatre this evening, and be Clara's companion at home." "Oh! no, no," exclaimed Anthony, "dearest mother, as you are more than twice my age, it is possible that you will never, during the rest of your life, have another opportunity of seeing an elephant

perform in a play; but as I am only fourteen, I have probably a long time yet to live, and perhaps (here his voice faltered) in the course of twenty years, or thirty at farthest, perhaps another elephant, nearly equal to this, may be exhibited, (it cannot be expected that such prodigies should appear often,) and then I can see it. Or at all events, when I am a man, I can go to India for the purpose."

Tears came into the eyes of the affectionate mother, and Clara sobbed outright. Mrs. Milbank took her husband aside, and told him that it grieved her to think of poor Anthony's disappointment, and that she could scarcely bear the idea of his remaining at home, when his heart was so set on seeing the elephant. "My dear," said Mr. Milbank, "though I also regret his disappointment, I cannot but regard it as a salutary lesson for him, and one that in the end may prove highly advantageous. He now has a specimen of the vexatious consequences that may ensue from indulging an impatient fancy, neglecting a duty, and trying to conceal that neglect by a subterfuge. I am convinced, that this little act of self denial, and this sacrifice to brotherly affection, will eventually be of use to him; therefore let it go on. If he gets through it well, I shall find a way to

reward him. We will say nothing more on the subject."

Evening came, and Anthony having been in his room to take a short cry, cleared up his countenance, and appeared at the tea table with a pleasant face, determined to go through the whole with as good a grace as possible. It must be confessed, that in his efforts to seem cheerful, he smiled rather too much.

When the party were ready to go, Anthony accompanied them to the door, bade them good evening, requested Edmund to bring him home a play bill, and then went into their own parlour, where Clara had just finished her solitary tea, by the faint light of a small lamp, which had been placed behind a screen in the corner, and which was removed from the room as soon as her repast was over. Clara then reclined on the sofa, and Anthony taking a chair beside her, endeavoured to entertain his sister, by telling her many amusing things that had happened at school, and relating to her a number of diverting anecdotes and remarkable events, that he had met with in the course of his reading.

The evening passed rapidly away, and about eleven o'clock the family returned from the theatre, and immediately repaired to their sitting room; the little lamp being again deposited

behind the screen. The children brought with them near a dozen bills of the play, and were in such raptures with its delights, that they could scarcely eat their supper. They gave a most animated description of the splendid scenery and the elegant drops, and of the majestic first appearance of the elephant of Siam, in her housings of blue and silver, with a great silver star on her forehead. They told how clever she was at delivering letters and presenting nosegays, and how adroitly she shut down the conspirators in the vault. They described, with much glee, her seating herself to the banquet, with, as little Harriet said, a great table cloth tied round her neck for a bib, and the manner in which she ate, ringing the bell for more food whenever she wanted it; and also her curious way of drinking wine. Then they dwelt on her wonderful discrimination, in removing the crown from the head of the usurper, and placing it on that of the rightful prince, Almanzar, whom she afterwards rescues from his enemies, by taking him up with her trunk and carrying him away. But the best of all, as they said, was her releasing Almanzar and his companions from prison, by wrenching out the iron grating of the window; and her last triumphant appearance, magnificently accoutred, with a sceptre in her trunk, and

bearing the prince and princess on her back, seated in a chair of state.

Anthony and Clara listened with eager delight, and asked innumerable questions; for they had nothing of that sullen and morose disposition, which makes some persons unwilling to hear of any pleasure, that they themselves have not had an opportunity of enjoying.

Clara told eagerly how kind Anthony had been, and how much he had amused her all the evening; and on separating for the night, his mother embraced him, and his father shook him heartily by the hand.

Next morning Clara's eyes were considerably better, and the papers announced a re-engagement of the elephant. The greatest possible care was now taken to prevent a relapse, and with such success, that a complete cure was effected. On the night before they left town, Mr. Milbank had the satisfaction of taking his daughter Clara to the theatre, accompanied by the enraptured Anthony, who declared, when the play was over, that, notwithstanding all he had heard, the elephant of Siam far exceeded his expectations.

L.

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

When the Redeemer dwelt in clay,
The proud, the powerful, shunn'd his sway,
The Pharisee and Scribe, with frown,
On him of Nazareth looked down;
Judea, long with dream elate
Of her Messiah's regal state,
Pursued that homeless one with hate;
And Rome, in haughty mockery, eyed
The man of grief—the crucified:—
—But they, the innocent, the blest,
In childhood's sweetness sought his breast,
Their little feet without a guide
Came thronging to his peaceful side,
And though the cold and stern command
Bade them at greater distance stand,
Yet, heartened by his cheering smile,
They gather'd to his arms the while,
And, 'mid his bosom's sacred shade,
Their beauteous heads confiding laid,
Listening, through tears that gladly roll,
His blessing on their gentle soul.
—Children!—even now that Heavenly Friend
Doth to your weakness condescend,
Yes, still he marks with favouring smile,
Your trusting spirits free from guile,

Drawn by Chasselat — Engraved by J. W. Steel.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Published by T. [illegible] 1.A.S.

THE NEW

And by his Holy Word would guide
Your steps in safety to his side:—
Lambs of the flock!—with all your charms
Haste to your glorious Shepherd's arms.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Ct. May, 1831.

LINES BY A LADY.

I LOVE to muse o'er memory's page,
E'en though I trace each line with tears,
Or smile as it recalls the age
Of happy childhood, void of cares.

When hearts were blithesome, warm and true,
Not sullied by a worldly feeling,
But pure as drops of morning dew,
Over the violet's blossom stealing.

Then Time stole by, with footsteps light,
And scattered roses as he fled,
So thornless, sweet, and heavenly bright!
A radiance o'er life's path they shed.

There are who'd taste of Lethe's stream,
Not so would *I*—I *love* the past!
And grief, or joy, be memory's theme,
I'll woo her poesy to the last!

Richmond, Va.

THE WAY TO SEEK REVENGE.

A TALE BY MRS. HUGHS.

MARY SCOTT and JANE WILSON were very fond of each other. They loved each other so much, that they wished always to be together. If Mary was going to walk, she must go and call for Jane; and if Jane had to stay in the house, she did not care for being kept at home, if Mary might but stay with her. They begged of their mothers to let them go to the same school, and their teacher very soon found that the best way of inducing them both to be quiet and to study their lessons well, was to allow them to sit together, at the same desk; for they were so much afraid of being parted, that they took care to be good, lest their teacher should punish them by separating them. If one of them chanced to get any sweet cake or candy, or any thing that was good, she would always keep a piece for the other; and when they got new frocks or bonnets, they always begged their mammas to let them have them alike, that people might think they were

sisters. They were not, however, very like sisters, for there was no resemblance between them. Mary was very pretty; she had very fine soft blue eyes, a very fair skin, a good colour, curly hair, and a look of great sweetness and good temper. But Jane was not handsome. She looked, however, both intelligent and lively, and she played with so much spirit, and made herself so very pleasant, that Mary often looked at her till she thought her very pretty indeed, and she always wished to persuade others that she was so; whilst Jane, on the other hand, never felt so much pleased as when she heard people talk of Mary's beauty. Oh! yes, she is indeed very pretty, she would say, and yet if you knew her, you would love her more for being so good, than for being pretty. She is so kind and gentle, she never is angry. I do not believe it would be possible to make her angry.

Children are apt to take fancies to one another for a short time, and then quarrel, and not care for each other any more than if no such partiality had ever existed. But that was not the case with these little girls, for they never varied in their feelings of kindness, from the time that they were old enough to know one person from another, till they were ten years old; and even those who did not know any thing else about them,

felt that they could love and admire them for being so steady in their attachment.

When, however, they were about the age I have mentioned, a little girl, named Sarah Parker, came to the same school to which the two friends went. Sarah had a jealous, bad temper, and so far from liking these two little girls on account of their mutual affection, she only felt envy, and a wish to destroy their friendship. For this purpose she would try to tempt Mary to leave Jane, by talking a great deal to her about her beauty. She knew that to flatter a person, is often the way to gain great influence over them; and she knew, too, that people are very apt to be more proud of being handsome, than even of being good. "What sweet eyes you have," she would say to Mary, "and what elegant ringlets your hair curls in; I declare I never saw so pretty a girl in all my life, as you are." But these fine speeches had not half so much power over Mary, as the pleasure of being with her dear Jane, and she would, at any time, leave the person who made them, for the sake of being with her dear friend.

When Sarah found, that however well Mary might like to be told about her beauty, she liked the company of her friend still better, she was resolved to try how she could work upon Jane's mind, and began by trying to make her jealous

of Mary. "I will tell you something," said she one day to Jane, "if you will promise not to tell any body. You must say indeed and indeed you will not." Jane gave the promise in the way that it was required, and then Sarah said, "Do you know, Mary says she wishes she might sit in my desk, for she is tired of sitting with you!" "I do not believe that she ever said any thing of the kind," said Jane, her face turning red with anger, as she spoke, "but I will go and ask her." "Nay, then, you will break your promise, for you said indeed and indeed you would not tell what I said, and it will be using me very ill, if you do; for Mary made me promise that I would not tell you what she said about you." "Well, then, I will not say any thing about it; but mind, I will not believe it either!" But still, though Jane was sure she did not believe that Mary could ever have been so unkind to her, she could not help thinking very often about it, and watching the manners of her friend, in a way that she had never before done.

"Did you not notice how much Mary talked in school this morning?" said Sarah, a few days after, as she and Jane stood together.

"Yes, she talked a good deal, but it was because she wanted to tell me about the party she was at last night."

"She might pretend that was the reason, but the real cause was, that she wanted to be told that she must not sit beside you any longer, for having talked so much."

"I wish you would not tell me such things, because I know they are not true," said Jane; but though she said, and though she even thought they were not true, she yet had not the same pleasure in the company of her friend that she had had before. With the impression on her mind, though a very faint one, that Mary had not treated her well, the next time they met, Jane was more disposed to take offence at any little thing that was said, than common, and seemed more fretful than Mary had ever before seen her.

"Where is my knife, Mary," asked she, at one of these times, "I lent it to you before school to scrape your pencil with?"

"I suppose I gave it to you again, for I have not it now."

"No, indeed! you did not give it to me," said Jane, in a peevish tone. "You never give it back again when you borrow it. I have a good mind never to lend it to you again."

"And I have a great mind never to borrow it," said Mary, smiling. "I will borrow of some one else. I will apply to Sarah Parker, I think, for she has frequently offered me hers;" and

as Sarah Parker happened to come in the way at this moment, Mary, who was a little vexed at the peevish manner in which Jane had spoken, put her arm through hers, and walked off, leaving her friend to suffer under the mixed feelings of mortification and wounded affection, which she had thus brought upon herself.

She had not got the better of these feelings, when Sarah Parker, who had very soon been left by Mary, came back to her.

"Why do you look so grave?" said she, as she came up to Jane, who was still standing on the spot where Mary left her.

"I was thinking about Mary, how cross she was with me this morning."

"Do you know the reason of her being cross?"

"No!"

"She wants to induce you to go away from her, and sit at another desk."

"But if that is what she wants, why does she not say so at once?"

"Because she says if she were to tell you so, you would get into a passion with her; for you are so very bad tempered."

"Did she say so?" asked Jane, striving very hard to keep from showing signs of that ill nature, of which she found her friend had accused her.

"Yes! to be sure she did! Do you think I would say so, if she had not said it!"

"I wish I might sit at some other desk," sighed Jane; her eyes filling with tears as she spoke.

"Well! come and sit with me, you know I am alone in my desk at present."

"But I thought Mary wished to sit with you."

"Oh! no matter for that, I would rather have you."

"Well then I will, if I can get leave to-morrow morning to change my seat."

"Oh! I will manage that for you; I will get permission for you, if you have really made up your mind to come."

"Yes, I have made my mind up; good morning!" and so they parted. But though Jane had made her mind up, she was far from happy, under the resolution which she had formed. She was restless and uneasy the whole evening. Nothing gave her pleasure, because she could not share her pleasure with her dear Mary. Her father returned that night, after having been absent from home a long time, and he brought her a present of a large wax doll, with eyes that could open and shut. But the delight she felt on first seeing it, was damped the moment she began to think that she no longer had Mary to help her to play with and dress it. Indeed she could no longer have

any pleasure in giving the name of Mary to her baby, as she had always done before to every doll she had ever had in her life. They had all been Marys. She had had Big Mary, and Little Mary, brown haired Mary, and flaxen haired Mary, and other kinds of Marys, but they had all been Marys, for she thought Mary the very sweetest name in all the world. She puzzled about what name she should now give her baby, till she almost ceased to care for the baby itself, and she went to bed, regretting that Sarah had ever told her of Mary's wishing to leave her, for had she never known it she would have still kept beside her, and might perhaps, in time, have been able again to teach her to love her as she had formerly done.

The morning came and Jane went to school; but not with the same pleasure with which she was in the habit of going; for she no longer looked forward to talking to Mary about every thing that had passed since she parted. When she got into the school room, she found that Mary was not yet there; but Sarah waved to her to come to her desk, and told her that she had obtained permission for her to sit there; and just as she had seated herself in her new place, Mary entered the room. Though it was contrary to the rules of the school, for any girl to go to any desk but her own, without permission, Mary

could not refrain, when she saw where Jane was seated, from going to ask the reason of her being there. "Because I chose to come," answered Jane in a pettish unkind tone; for though she felt so sorry to part from Mary, she did not wish Mary to see it.

"But you are not going to sit here always, are you?" asked Mary.

"I hope so!" was the reply.

"But why did you come here?"

"Oh! I wish you would go to your seat, Mary! I believe you only want to get me punished for talking," said Jane in a very cross tone, and before Mary could make any reply, she was desired to go to her seat. After Mary had seated herself at her desk, Jane just ventured to look at her once, and she fancied she saw a tear in her eye.

"Does not Mary look as if she was crying?" asked she of Sarah.

"Very likely," said Sarah, "for I know she is vexed at your coming to my desk, instead of herself, and perhaps she is crying because she does not know how to be revenged." This gave a new turn to Jane's thoughts; and instead of thinking that Mary's tears arose from sorrow, at being parted from her, she set it down that they were tears only of vexation. She scarcely looked at her again the whole morning, and when they

were all sent down into the yard to play awhile, Sarah and she clasped each other round the waist, and went skipping round the yard without taking any more notice of Mary, than if they had not known her. Mary staid for some time looking at them, and then went back into the school-room.

"Let us go and see what she is doing," said Sarah, "I should not wonder if she is crying again with ill humour."

"I never saw Mary in an ill humour in my life," was Jane's reply. But as they entered, Mary passed them, and left the room. They then agreed, instead of going into the yard again, to sit down at their desk and look over some of their lessons; but as they put their hands into their desks, for the purpose of getting their books, they each drew them out again, at the same instant, and holding up a piece of mint stick, cried out, "What is this? who in the world can have put this into my desk? Did you? Did you?" asked they of several of the girls, that just then came into the room, but each answered, "No!"

"Who in the world could it be!" again cried Jane, "I wish I knew!"

"What do you want to know?" asked one of the girls that just then came into the room.

"Who it was that put these pieces of mint stick into Sarah Parker's desk and mine."

"I should not wonder if I can tell you; for I saw Mary Scott coming away from your desk in a great hurry, a few minutes since."

"It was not likely to be she," said Jane, whose conscience told her she did not deserve any such kindness from her friend.

"It is more likely that she would help herself to some of it, than put it there," said Sarah.

"Oh! Sarah, how can you say such a thing of Mary?" cried Jane, her face burning with anger, at hearing Mary so spoken of. Mary came into the room at that moment. "Mary," continued Jane, "did you put this mint stick into our desks?"

"Yes!" was Mary's simple reply.

"Why did you?"

"Because I brought it in the morning on purpose for you, and wished you to have it."

"Did you bring that piece on purpose for Sarah, too?"

"No! I brought it all for you, but I heard Sarah say something about my being revenged, and I thought I would put one piece into her desk, to show what sort of revenge I wished for."

"And that is the way you revenge yourself upon me too, after I have behaved so ill to you?"

"I knew you did not mean to use me ill, and

that you would soon be sorry for what you had done."

"But why did you not wish to sit at the same desk with me?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mary with surprise.

"Why Sarah Parker told me"——but before Jane could say any more, Sarah started up, and putting her hand before Jane's mouth, cried out, "You know, Jane, you promised not to tell!"

"I know I did," said Jane; "but though I may not break my promise, I may at least say, that I was told, Mary, of your having said many unkind things about me, that I am sure now were not true."

"How could you believe that I could ever say an unkind thing of you?" remonstrated Mary, in a sweet and tender tone.

"I am ashamed of myself for it now; and am afraid it will make you not love me so well for the future."

"Oh never fear," said Mary, clasping her arms round the neck of her friend as she spoke, and kissing her affectionately.

"How happy I am!" cried Jane, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks glowing with pleasure. "How delighted I am that my dear Mary still loves me. I will never again believe any tales

that are told to make me think ill of her. So remember, Sarah," she continued, turning, as she spoke, to look at Sarah. But Sarah was gone. She had slunk out of the room, ashamed of the part she had acted. "Oh! she is gone!" added Jane, "and no wonder! She may well be ashamed of the tales she has told me; though I may be more ashamed still, for having minded them; and especially when I suspected all the time, that they were not true. But I will take care in future, how I give ear to tales that are told for the sake of making me think ill of others."

"That is an excellent resolution, Jane," said her teacher, who heard the latter part of the little girl's speech. "If you keep this determination in mind, you will have had as important a lesson this morning, as any you ever received in your life; for there are few things that do more harm in the world, than the tongue of slander. It has poisoned many much wiser and more experienced minds than yours; and separated friends that had had much longer experience of one another's truth, than you and Mary have had."

"I hope it will never more divide you and me," said Mary, as she again kissed her friend affectionately.

"No, nobody shall ever part us again," said Jane, replying to her friend, and returning her

caress at the same time. "And now," added she, "I can look at my new baby with pleasure, and shall no longer be at a loss what name to give it; for the sweet name of Mary will only make me think of her I love so dearly."

"And you, Mary, have given us a lesson by which we may all profit," said their teacher, looking at the gentle Mary with an expression of warm approbation. "I was told down stairs of the manner in which you had behaved, and came up to tell you how much I was pleased with you for it. The return of good for evil, is, indeed, my dear little girl, a noble species of revenge; and I hope the expression of admiration that I see on the countenances of your young companions, is a proof of their determination to imitate your amiable example."

ROSE FLEETWOOD.

It is a maxim of Goldsmith, that "he who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping;" and it is equally true, that he who seeks for happiness only from extraneous sources, is in danger of finding it continually eluding his grasp. Its seeds are implanted within us, and only want a proper cultivation to make them spring up, and bear, continually, fruit which not even the serious calamities of life can utterly blast. Activity, motion, exercise, are not more necessary to the vigour and preservation of the animal powers, than to the perfection of our moral nature; and I will promise to all those of my young friends, who exercise diligently their faculties, either in the cause of self improvement, or in devotion to the good of others, and who suffer their affections to flow forth freely towards God and man, that life shall never seem to them, that which it has been denominated by an infidel philosopher, "a dull pastime." But inasmuch as illustration is

always more acceptable to the young than precept, I will proceed, without further delay, to my story.

You are probably all aware, that the Roman Catholic religion was, for a long time, that of all civilized Europe; and the Pope was not only the head of the church, but of nations also, his decrees called *bulls*, being of superior authority to any acts of king or parliament.

Henry VIII. of England was the first potentate who threw off this yoke, and declared himself the head of an independent church; and it was natural that, together with the authority of the Catholic communion, he should reject also many of its forms and doctrines. His successors were still more thorough in the work of reformation, but yet the breach was not sufficiently wide to satisfy a certain class of Protestants, who contended for the utmost simplicity in their mode of government and form of worship, and were therefore denominated Puritans. Being subjected to persecution on account of their peculiarities, a portion of them emigrated to Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and formed a church there, under the pastoral care of the apostolic Mr. Robinson. Among these emigrants, were the parents of Rose Fleetwood, who was then about four years of age, and they were accompanied by a sister, who, though attached

to the Puritans, did not possess that degree of enthusiasm, which would have drawn her away from her native land, unless it had been mingled with a more earthly passion, her extreme fondness for the little Rose. She remained in her sister's family a few years, and then married Mr. William Bradford, afterwards one of "the pilgrims." The parents of Rose having died about the same time, she was at once adopted by her aunt, and cherished with all possible tenderness both by her and her husband. Mr. Bradford was a man of learning, and perceiving that Rose was endowed with uncommon intelligence, he took great pleasure in bestowing a good deal of pains upon her education.

After a time, it was determined that a part of the flock at Leyden should seek a new fold in the wilds of America. They experienced great disadvantages, from being situated in the midst of a people of different language and habits from their own—their worldly affairs did not prosper—their church did not increase—they were unable to keep their children within those limits, which their faith prescribed—the more unruly threw off the yoke of authority, and went forth "to seek their fortune," while those who remained, were obliged to submit to toils and hardships, which impaired their youthful energies. Besides, the

pilgrims still retained that attachment to England, which made them prefer to live under its government; and, as religious enthusiasts, they were gratified with the idea of propagating their pure faith in the new world.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford were among those who determined to embark for America, and it remained for Rose to decide, whether she would accompany them, or be left behind. She had inherited sufficient property to render her independent, and her kind aunt was too generous to attempt to influence her feelings on this important question. She represented to her, with the utmost fidelity, all the difficulties and dangers that might attend their voyage, the termination of which would promise neither rest nor refreshment. She depicted in glowing colours, the appalling aspect of a savage coast in the bleak season of winter, and the terrors of a residence in the neighbourhood of hostile and ruthless Indians.

Timidity is not usually a characteristic of youth. There is something in the elasticity of spirits belonging to that period of life, which prevents impressions of fear from having more than a momentary influence upon the mind. Rose did not shrink so much from the prospect thus spread out before her by her aunt, as from

the idea of turning her back upon scenes where she had passed eleven happy years, all that she could remember of her life. Besides others of a different and inferior nature, she had two strong ties to Leyden, in her devoted attachment to the good Mr. Robinson, who, with the power of charming all young persons, had taken particular interest in her, and in her strong friendship for Sarah Burnet, a girl near her own age, whose mother had been an intimate friend of her mother, and would gladly have retained Rose as a companion for her own daughter.

Still she felt that her aunt was that being, in all the world, to whom her heart clung most fondly, and who had the greatest claims upon her love and devotion. After a week of great agitation, she threw her arms about her aunt, and communicated to her, that she had adopted the resolution of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people."

Her decision being made, she became again tranquil and resolute. The two months which elapsed previous to her departure, were spent partly in the family of Mr. Robinson, and partly with her friend Sarah. Their approaching separation was a constant theme between the two young friends. Sarah's mind dwelt altogether upon the dark side of the picture, and she was

distressed by a single glance at those phantoms, conjured up by her imagination, which Rose could contemplate with perfect calmness.

"What will you do there—what *can* you do?" said Sarah. "You cannot plough or hoe, or fell forests, or hunt, or fish, which are the only occupations in such a wild country. The care of your log huts will not require many of the arts of housekeeping, and your cookery, I think, will be simple and easy."

"Oh! I have always found enough to do yet," said Rose, "and I have no idea that a want of employment is among the unavoidable wants of mankind, in any situation."

"And then those horrid Indians, with their tomahawks and scalping knives. O! how I shall tremble for you, Rose!"

"The Indians! Sarah, if I can but have a chance to get acquainted with them, I will make them love me; they too shall be my friends. I am sure that God has not made any hearts without love; even the poor Indians must have some spark of that divine principle, and it shall be my delight to call it forth. I will search for it as for hidden treasure."

Rose had many friends in Leyden, each eager to receive from her some parting token—and where she had nothing else to bestow, a lock of

hair was very thankfully accepted. Sarah said to her, "You are stripping yourself of your ornaments, and your hair, like a nun, just ready to take the vows—and sure enough, you are in fact forsaking the world, to place yourself where the forest on one side, and the rough ocean on the other, will secure you, even more effectually, than the walls of a convent."

"But still," replied Rose, "I shall have the free expanse of heaven over my head—and shall be an occupant of nature's wide domain—a worshipper in her great temple; think you it is any where more magnificent, than there, where the majestic forest has never yet bowed beneath the arm of man?"

"O Rose, I fear your romance will have an end even before you reach there."

When the memorable day of parting came, those who were to embark, were accompanied to a harbour, a few miles out of the city, by a numerous band of friends—where a scene of a most affecting nature ensued.

Kneeling down upon the sea shore, in the midst of the weeping multitude, Mr. Robinson, with tears streaming down his face, offered up fervent supplications to the God of heaven for his protection and blessing upon the little band of pilgrims. Rose, with Sarah, kept close by his side. When he rose from his knees, perceiving

her so near him, he threw his arms around her, and folded her to his breast, saying, in a broken and agitated voice, "My child, He who said, 'Feed my lambs,' will find for you green pastures and still waters, even in the wilderness"—then, as if feeling the inspiration which descended upon the patriarchs when about to bless their children, he laid both his hands upon her head, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "The Lord is her shepherd, she shall not want."

He was then obliged to turn towards others who were crowding around him for a parting benediction, and Rose, for the first time losing all control over her feelings, sank into the arms of her friend, and wept aloud; while on every side friends were protracting their last embraces, until "wind and tide, which wait for no man," summoned them away.

The little ship which conveyed them, the Speedwell, put in at Southampton on the southern coast of England, where it was joined by another, the Mayflower, which brought an additional party of emigrants from London. After they had sailed from thence, they were obliged to put back twice for the purpose of repairing the Speedwell, which was, at length, pronounced unfit for the voyage, and both the ship's companies proceeded in the Mayflower.

Rose compared these repeated delays to dying by slow torture—the only remark of a melancholy nature, that she was known to make during the whole voyage. Though it proved very boisterous, and was attended with a good deal of danger—the grandeur, rather than the terrors of the ocean seemed to occupy her mind.

She told her aunt, that, whenever the billows raged with violence, that seemed to threaten destruction, she was constantly repeating to herself the words, "It is I—be not afraid," and she did hardly any thing during the whole passage, but gaze upon the ever varying scenes which presented themselves in continual succession.

When the ship, at length, made the harbour of Cape Cod, and it was determined to stop there instead of proceeding, in conformity with their original plan, to the Hudson, Rose was among the first, who, on the 11th day of November, 1620, disembarked, and with the rest, threw herself upon her knees on this unknown shore, to thank God for their deliverance from the dangers of the voyage. At that moment, their hearts were full of joy, though every thing about them was chill and desolate as the grave.

The country offered no protection from the rigours of the season—it seemed one vast forest, which the imagination could people only with

wild beasts, or savage men still more fierce and formidable.

It was necessary to seek immediately the best place for a settlement, as the captain was impatient to return, and threatened that if they did not select a spot without delay, he would leave them and their goods on shore.

The provisions, he said, were fast being consumed, and he must reserve enough for himself and his men, during their voyage home.

While the boat was undergoing some necessary repairs, a party of sixteen men volunteered to make discoveries by land—and were out one night. They saw some Indians, who immediately fled, however, so that they had no opportunity of holding any communication with them. Their attention being attracted by some heaps of sand in the vicinity of the remains of a dwelling, they made use of their hands instead of a spade, and disinterred several baskets full of Indian corn.

The return of these men was an event of interest, and the corn was as much a subject of curiosity, as were the grapes of Eshcol brought back by the men whom Joshua sent to spy out the promised land. Rose failed not to examine it by taste and touch.

After this, there were two expeditions in the boat, before a place of settlement was decided

upon. In the first, some Indian habitations were discovered, covered with mats—and besides corn, beans were found. This corn served for seed the next year—or the colonists might have been without any; but it was thought that better land, and a situation altogether more favourable, might be discovered, farther to the north, and a second expedition was fitted out, attended by many of the most considerable men, among whom was Mr. Bradford.

They departed on the 6th of December, and were gone six days. Already there was a good deal of sickness produced by cold and exposure. The weather was now so severe, that when the boat put to sea, the spray lighting upon the coats of the crew, became instantly congealed, and gave to them the appearance of being glazed. At night they went ashore, and constructed a little shelter of boughs and logs.

The second morning they were attacked by a party of Indians; but procuring their arms from the boat, were able to repulse them without difficulty. That evening, however, darkness overtook them, in the midst of a terrible storm—they lost their mast and sail, and were in great danger, but at length found a safe place for the night, under the lee of a small island. Most of the men were afraid to go ashore, for fear of Indians, but

some of them were so wet and cold, that they were willing to run any risk for the sake of lighting a fire. The next day being Sunday, which was always spent by the Puritans in the strictest manner, in whatever circumstances they might be placed, they remained upon the island. On Tuesday having completed their survey, they returned to the ship, with a favourable report of their discoveries.

Meanwhile an accident had occurred there, which spread a gloom over the whole company, and overwhelmed Rose with affliction. A great deal of anxiety was felt for the absent members of the party, and Mrs. Bradford, after her husband's departure, from mere restlessness and inquietude of mind, went often upon deck to gaze upon the sea, in the vague hope of perceiving some trace of the boat. On one of these occasions, having in her extreme solicitude leaned over incautiously, she slipped, fell from the ship, and was drowned.

Poor Rose, until this dreadful calamity happened, had been the life of the whole company; but afterwards, as one of them observed, their light was put out, and they seemed left in total darkness. Mrs. Bradford left one child, a little boy, five years of age, whom Rose now took by the hand and kept constantly at her side; and though she spoke not a word, her action

indicated that she felt the obligation of guarding, with the utmost vigilance, the only remaining treasure of her uncle. She spoke not—she hardly moved, and appeared not even sensible of his presence, until he sometimes attempted to get away from her, when she seemed to perceive the movement instinctively, and would grasp him, as if he were on the verge of a precipice, embrace him tenderly, and again relapse into the reverie of grief. When, however, those periods of the day recurred, in which Willy had been accustomed to the tender offices of a mother's care, she would rouse herself, perform all those duties just as his mother used to do, and kissing him over and over again, utter some exclamation of "Poor Willy! poor dear boy!" In this state she continued, "tears being her meat day and night," until her uncle returned. But from that moment she seemed almost to forget her own loss, in being reminded of his, and devoted herself to him with unsparing devotion.

The ship weighed anchor on the 15th of December, and proceeded to the place of disembarkation. On the 26th, the pilgrims began to erect the first house for common use, to receive them and their stores. There was a great deal of delay, however, in unlading the ship, because they had only one boat; the weather was bad,

and many were too ill to render any assistance. In this interval, Rose was occupied in the care of little Willy, and of a poor little baby, the child of a Mrs. White, which was born soon after the ship anchored at Cape Cod, in comparison with whose condition, that of Moses, exposed in the ark of bulrushes, would seem enviable.

As soon as was practicable, little cottages were erected, one after another, and the colony divided themselves into nineteen families.

Rose's first letter to Sarah contained an account of the voyage, of which we have already mentioned several particulars. We will, therefore, omit it, to make room for the second, which was written in the following spring.

My Dear Sarah,

How shall I begin, or what shall I say first, when I have so much to tell? Through the mercy of my Heavenly Father, I have lived through the winter, and though it has been one of sorrow and suffering, I still feel that I have great reason to rejoice at being one of the pilgrim band; for what would my poor uncle and little Willy have done without me? Almost every body has been sick, except me, and a great many have died. Sometimes there were not more than six or seven well enough to nurse the rest; and then, you know, we have no good warm rooms and com-

fortable beds for our invalids. You have heard of an Indian wigwam, and I assure you our dwellings are not much superior to them, except as they are rather more spacious and cleanly. Still we realized how much better they were than none, when the first that was built for the reception of all of us, was burned down before the middle of January. It took fire from a spark which fell upon the roof, about six o'clock one bitter cold morning. I had just risen, and was about half dressed, when the alarm was given. The first thing that I did, was to seize Willy in one arm, and my little baby, as I call him, who was fast asleep with his mother, in the other, and carry them to one of the few cottages that had yet been erected, which was not far off. I entered without ceremony, and throwing the children into the bed of some persons who had not yet risen, begged that they might be kept warm. I then hastened back to assist in clearing the rendezvous, which was of the utmost importance, as it contained our stores, and almost every thing of consequence belonging to the colony. By great exertions, a good deal was saved, but uncle Bradford and Governor Carver have lost more than any body.

After that, for some days, we were crowded together like slaves in the hold of a ship, with

scarcely room enough to turn round, night or day. At night, I sat upon the floor, leaning against the wall, with poor little Willy in my arms, except when some person would kindly relieve me. As soon as a few more dwellings could be erected, we found ourselves comparatively comfortable, but in this there was great delay, because so many of the colony were too sick to render any assistance. Mrs. White is in our family. Her husband died in the course of the winter, and during his sickness of some weeks, I had almost the sole charge of the baby. Towards spring my uncle was taken very ill, and I nursed him, day and night, for many weeks, only relieved by the assistance of Mrs. White, whose gratitude is unbounded, for the little services I have been able to render her. O, Sarah! I have suffered this past winter, from cold and hunger, and from the feeling that death was in the midst of us, but never until I began to fear that I should lose my uncle, has my heart completely sunk within me. But it has pleased God to spare him, and I feel that "it is well" with me. I shall never forget the night when his disease seemed at its crisis. He had been delirious all day, and though very drowsy, could get no quiet sleep. In the latter part of the evening, Mrs. White persuaded me to lie down and try to get a little rest. I tied on

my cap, and then went to take another anxious look at my uncle, before leaving him, even for a short time. He happened to open his eyes at that moment, and took me for my aunt. He has always thought that I resembled her very much, and probably my cap made the resemblance more striking. He immediately reached out his arms, exclaiming, "My dear, blessed wife, heaven has sent you back to me in the hour of my utmost need." Then drew me to him, and kissed my cheek many times, while tears flowed down his face. Partly resting on the side of the bed, I laid my head beside him, put my arm round his neck, and he soon fell into a deep and quiet sleep. O with what intensity I watched him through the remainder of the night! He slept sweetly till towards morning. I happened to be standing by the bed when he awoke—and though the delusion which had lulled him into a sweet oblivion of pain and suffering had passed away—and I was now only Rose—he cast upon me a look which more than rewarded me for all I had endured of fatigue and anxiety. For a single moment there was an expression of something like disappointment; but as soon as he was completely awake, he took my hand in his, kissed it, and said, "My child, you have been an angel of mercy to me. Last night in my delirium I even

mistook you for your blessed aunt—Heaven be praised, that, though she is for ever removed from me, I have still such a blessing left." He was too feeble to say more; but from that time he began to recover, though very slowly, and is now nearly as well as ever. The spring, too, is opening upon us, and every thing to me wears a cheerful aspect. I have often wondered, in reading the account of the creation, what was meant by the expression, "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," but these soft airs, breathing over the land, seem to me like the effluence of love divine. And, as if the Creator would not leave himself without a witness even in a heathen land, the birds here chant his praises in the most melodious tones. My heart leaped for joy when I first heard them—it was like meeting old friends in a strange country.

You will be surprised to hear that I have seen only one Indian yet, until the other day, when a great chief came to pay us a visit. The first that ever came amongst us, was Samoset, who uttered the friendly salutation, "Welcome, Englishman," words that he had learned from some English traders, on another part of the coast. He did not remain long, but soon after another appeared, named Squanto, who has staid with us ever since, and is very useful. He

is one of about twenty Indians who were seized a few years ago, by a trader of the name of Hunt, carried to Spain, and there sold as slaves. Squanto was redeemed through the charity of some monks, and sent home by the way of England. Is not this outrage enough to account for the alleged hostility of the Indians against the whites? Suppose men of a strange race should appear on the coast of England, and steal some of the people there! Would not they be pursued with the sword of vengeance? One of our colony, in an excursion among some of the neighbouring tribes, met with an old woman who wept and wrung her hands, because her two only sons had been thus carried off, and never returned.

Squanto, however, is friendly, and very useful to us in many ways. He can give a great deal of information about the country, and the various tribes, and has shown us how to plant the corn. He procures fish for us too, and eels, which are an essential part of our provisions. You remember, Sarah, how I used to dislike every thing of the kind, but I assure you, that hunger far surpasses the arts of cookery in giving a relish, for it makes all kinds of food delicious. Even ground nuts taste very good, when bread utterly fails.

But to return to Squanto. He and I have been

great friends from the commencement of our acquaintance. When I first met him, I shook hands with him in true English fashion, and he seemed quite pleased. He has taught me to make baskets and moccasins, and string wampum, and I have knit for him a pair of striped mittens, with which he was greatly delighted. He uses them, however, merely as an ornament, appended to some part of his dress.

Not long since, the colony received a visit from a great chief named Massasoit, and I assure you the preliminaries of the ceremonial were adjusted as scrupulously on his part, as if he had been a European or Asiatic potentate. He first appeared with a band of sixty men on the top of a hill which overlooks our settlement. Squanto was immediately despatched to him, and he signified, without delay, his opinion that we ought to send one of our own number to treat with him. Mr. Winslow volunteered his services, and being retained as hostage in the custody of Quandoynina, the king's brother, Massasoit, with twenty men, who all left their bows and arrows behind them, advanced to a little brook, where he was met by Captain Standish, Mr. Allerton, and six musketeers.

The party were immediately conducted to one of our cottages, where a rug and some cushions

is one of about twenty Indians who were seized a few years ago, by a trader of the name of Hunt, carried to Spain, and there sold as slaves. Squanto was redeemed through the charity of some monks, and sent home by the way of England. Is not this outrage enough to account for the alleged hostility of the Indians against the whites? Suppose men of a strange race should appear on the coast of England, and steal some of the people there! Would not they be pursued with the sword of vengeance? One of our colony, in an excursion among some of the neighbouring tribes, met with an old woman who wept and wrung her hands, because her two only sons had been thus carried off, and never returned.

Squanto, however, is friendly, and very useful to us in many ways. He can give a great deal of information about the country, and the various tribes, and has shown us how to plant the corn. He procures fish for us too, and eels, which are an essential part of our provisions. You remember, Sarah, how I used to dislike every thing of the kind, but I assure you, that hunger far surpasses the arts of cookery in giving a relish, for it makes all kinds of food delicious. Even ground nuts taste very good, when bread utterly fails.

But to return to Squanto. He and I have been

great friends from the commencement of our acquaintance. When I first met him, I shook hands with him in true English fashion, and he seemed quite pleased. He has taught me to make baskets and moccasins, and string wampum, and I have knit for him a pair of striped mittens, with which he was greatly delighted. He uses them, however, merely as an ornament, appended to some part of his dress.

Not long since, the colony received a visit from a great chief named Massasoit, and I assure you the preliminaries of the ceremonial were adjusted as scrupulously on his part, as if he had been a European or Asiatic potentate. He first appeared with a band of sixty men on the top of a hill which overlooks our settlement. Squanto was immediately despatched to him, and he signified, without delay, his opinion that we ought to send one of our own number to treat with him. Mr. Winslow volunteered his services, and being retained as hostage in the custody of Quandoynina, the king's brother, Massasoit, with twenty men, who all left their bows and arrows behind them, advanced to a little brook, where he was met by Captain Standish, Mr. Allerton, and six musketeers.

The party were immediately conducted to one of our cottages, where a rug and some cushions

were spread to receive them. The governor arrived soon after, with drum and trumpet, and saluted the chief by kissing his hand, a compliment which the chief returned upon the cheek of the governor. Then refreshments were brought, and an alliance was formed. Massasoit is a grave, portly personage, not distinguished from the rest of his followers, except by a chain of beads made of white bone, which he wore about his neck Is it not curious, that the only ingenuity these savages have yet discovered, is expended, not upon relieving their necessities, but upon mere ornament? They all wore skins, and had their faces painted either white, red, yellow, or black, in all sorts of fantastic forms.

The king's face was painted red, and both his face and head showed that he had discovered that use of oil which the royal psalmist celebrated with his harp. I had only a peep at the strange procession, as it passed along the street, which did not half satisfy my curiosity; but we were told that the party had brought their women and children with them, who were all encamped at the distance of about half a mile. So I begged of uncle Bradford, that we might have a chance to see them; and though, I believe, he thought it rather a foolish request, he did not like to refuse me. He therefore signified to Massasoit,

that some of us would visit his women; and the next day, Mrs. White and myself, with some others, went to the encampment, under the guidance of Squanto.

As we approached, the women regarded us with curiosity equal to our own. Their tents consisted of stakes set upright, meeting at the top, and hung with mats. To one of these we were conducted, and served with ground nuts and parched corn. They looked dirty and forlorn, but not stupid or stern. Observing some children, I beckoned them to me, and gave them little presents which I had brought on purpose. The pleasure which they manifested, showed, that in one respect, at least, they were not unlike other children. You will recollect that patchwork bag, which you advised me to leave behind with my *refuse stuff*, but I assure you, this was evidently regarded as a gift of great value; as were also a pincushion full of pins, and a gay calico vandyke.

Having Squanto for our interpreter, I was able to hold some conversation with them; addressing myself principally to those who seemed to be of greatest distinction. I told them we had come to live in the wilderness, that we might worship the Great Spirit in our own way, without having any one to trouble us—that we were all his children, and must be kind to one another as

brothers and sisters. They seemed pleased, and I believe, on the whole, our visit left a very favourable impression. They remained in our neighbourhood several days, so that we had an opportunity to become quite familiar with them. I always took little Willy with me when I went to see them; indeed he is hardly ever separated from me. But one day, when I was very much occupied, I suddenly missed him, and recollected that I had not seen him for more than half an hour. It happened that there was no one at home but myself. I was excessively alarmed, and immediately set out alone, in search of him. Suspecting that he had gone to the Indian encampment, I directed my steps thither, and met him about half way, led by an Indian woman, whom I recognized as the mother of one of the children that had been so much pleased with my presents. She evidently thought I should be alarmed, and hastened back with him as soon as he arrived there. Did not this show a kind disposition? I took her home with me, and gave her the best refreshment that our house afforded.

I can hardly think of my fright, even now, without trembling. I really believe I have something of a mother's feeling towards Willy, and the dear little fellow more than rewards all my care, by his sweet endearments. You used

to wonder, Sarah, how I could love to study so much with uncle Bradford, and especially that I should *meddle*, as you call it, with any language besides my own; but I have great reason to rejoice now, for there is no one besides me to teach little Willy, as uncle is quite too busy; and only think what a pleasure it will be to me, thus to repay the debt which I owe my lamented aunt. There are other little children here, too, who want a teacher, and my plan is, to have a little school in the woods when the weather is pleasant; won't that be delightful?

We have not many books, to be sure, but I must make my memory serve instead, and teach by word of mouth.

You remember that I brought a few flower seeds with me, which I shall sow very soon, and if they come up, how pleasant it will be; it will seem like a sort of enchantment to see them blooming upon the skirts of this wilderness. But it is quite time that I should terminate this long epistle, so good b'ye, my dear Sarah. My best love to all friends, and believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

ROSE FLEETWOOD.

We have not room to pursue in further detail the history of Rose. Enough has been already given to show, that in spite of hardship, sorrow,

and danger, she enjoyed a degree of happiness and satisfaction, which the most favoured children of luxury and independence might envy, merely because she was useful. In a few years her uncle married Mrs. Southworth, a widow, and a lady of intelligence and cultivation, who with her two sons had previously become members of the colony. In one of these young men, Rose recognized a kindred spirit, and soon after united her fate with his. So eminent were they in usefulness, that it might be truly said, "The wilderness and the solitary place were glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose." S.

THE NE
ASTOR, LE
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Painted by H. Howard

Engraved by Wm Keenan

THE DISPUTE.

LITTLE WILLIAM TO HIS DOG TOWSER.

Come, Towser! learn your lesson well!
I do not mean to read or spell;
For very well I know that now,
Though you are good and clever too,
And can do all that dogs can do,
All you have learn'd to say is bow, wow, wow.

But you must lie beside me there,
And wait with patience for your share;
Nor stir, nor bark, nor snarl, nor growl,
Until my portion I shall swallow;
Then it will be your turn to follow,
To eat the rest, and lick quite clean the bowl.

Then breakfast done, away we'll run,
And have a famous bit of fun,
Beside the lake, so cool and sweet;
Into the water I will throw
A stick, and you shall for it go,
And bring it back, and lay it at my feet.

Yes, Towser! I remember yet,
And hope I never shall forget;
That once I slipt my foot and fell,
And whilst I struggled in the wave,
You came and plunged my life to save,
And dragged me out again quite safe and well!

And for the gratitude I owe,
I every day, full well you know,
Have shar'd my every meal with you;
And every day, with grateful pride,
Towser, I have you by my side,
I love you so, you rogue, you know I do.

Oh! yes! my darling dog you are,
And you shall always have a share
Of all that I can call my own;
And though I sometimes ride your back,
And give your sides a gentle smack,
I would not give you pain—not for a crown.

HOW A FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.

BY T. H.

"WILL you explain to us, papa, the means by which flies are enabled to ascend a pane of glass and walk with ease along the ceiling of the room? You know you told us the other day you would do so."

"Well, Harriet, I will try; though I am not sure that I shall be able to make you understand me."

"Oh, never fear that," exclaimed Harriet and her two little brothers at the same time; "we can surely understand how a fly walks—it must be very simple."

"Undoubtedly very simple; but it requires some previous knowledge of philosophy."

"Oh, if the walking of a fly or a musquito is at all connected with philosophy, I assure you I shall want to know nothing about it, for I hate philosophy, it is such dry stuff."

"Never mind my sister, papa," said William. "James and I want very much to understand, and

Harriet need not stay to hear the explanation, if she does not like."

"Well, come, my boys, to the library. I have just arranged my solar microscope, to show you the foot and leg of a fly, and some other curious things. I have likewise my air pump ready, which will help to explain what you want to know."

Harried looked a little disappointed, and wished that she had not pronounced so decidedly against philosophy, for she was very fond of seeing, and only disliked the labour of studying. Her papa observing the moody expression of her lively countenance, said, "I wish you, William, to try and persuade your sister to overcome so much of her dislike to philosophy, for the present, as to accompany us to the library." William had no difficult task to perform, and in a minute they were all seated in the library, eager to hear all that could be said about the little pedestrian.

"The fly," the father began, "my children, every time he moves his foot, performs a philosophical experiment, similar, in every respect, to that which I now show you, by moving the handle of the air pump. You perceive that this glass vessel, which is put on this brass plate, now adheres so firmly to it, that I am unable to force it away."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Harriet. "It is as fast to the plate, as the friend of Hercules, that I read about the other day, was to the stone on which he sat, in the drear dominions of Pluto."

"How is this done, father? it looks like some conjuror's trick. I see nothing pressing upon the glass, to cause it to stick so fast."

"Though you cannot see it, I assure you there is something pressing very hard upon, and all around it, and that is the air."

"You astonish me. Has the air weight? I never heard of that before. I shall never say again, as light as air."

"But you have heard of hurricanes sweeping away forests and houses, and rendering the countries over which they passed, a wilderness; and in truth they are almost as much to be dreaded as earthquakes, and a hurricane is only air put in motion."

"I have been very stupid not to find out that air has weight, but how is it that we do not feel it, papa? To be sure," continued Harriet, "if it was so heavy it would pin us to the earth, as Prometheus was fastened to the rock; and then we should be in a pretty condition, I think. How will you answer that, papa?"

"I have had a more puzzling question to answer, I assure you. The air is a very subtle

fluid, and finds its way into every crevice; and one of its properties is, that it presses equally in all directions, up and down, and sideways, with equal force, and we only perceive its weight when we remove the air from one side of a body, so as to cause the whole weight to be upon the other. In this glass vessel I withdrew the air that was in the inside of it, and which pressed it upwards with a force exactly equal to that with which the air above pressed downwards, and then the whole weight of the atmosphere pressing in one direction, kept it firmly attached to the brass plate."

"That is a very beautiful arrangement," cried William, "I shall never breathe the air again, without thinking of its wonderful properties."

"I will take off this vessel and put this one on, which is open at both ends; now put your hand, Harriet, on the upper end, and I will cause a slight vacuum to take place, so that you may feel the pressure."

"Stop, father, you will crush my hand to pieces, if you move that handle another time. Do look at my hand, William, the gripe of a giant would be nothing to that."

William tried the experiment for himself. "How heavy is the atmosphere, papa? I should like to know that."

"It is very great; it presses upon the surface of all bodies near the level of the ocean, with a force equal to fourteen pounds in every square inch.

"But I will now show you another experiment, showing the pressure of the atmosphere. I place this glass vessel which is open at both ends, on the plate of the air pump; on the top of it I place the piece of glass, which is so closely fitted as to exclude the air. I now withdraw the air from under it.

"What a crash, father," exclaimed William and Harriet at the same instant, as the glass was shivered to pieces by the weight of the air.

"I think you can now understand, that if a fly has the power to extract the air from its feet as it moves along, the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to hold it fast to any surface, however smooth, and however much inclined to the horizon."

"If the fly can do that, he is more of a philosopher than I took him for," said William. "But I am impatient to see how the little fellow accomplishes the feat."

"Here is the leg of a common fly, that I have placed in the solar microscope, now I bring it to the proper focus. It is now so much magnified that we can examine the various parts of it with ease.

"What a strange looking thing it is, and so large, my arm is nothing to it. How I should like to see an elephant put in a microscope."

"What an idea, Harriet, why it would appear as large as one of the Alps," exclaimed William.

"We only use microscopes to examine bodies that are too delicate for the eye, but you will observe that the leg is hollow, for there is a line of light running up the middle of it, which you can easily perceive. At the foot you can distinctly observe a flap or membrane, to which are attached two points, one in front, and the other behind. These the fly can move at pleasure, and can extend or contract the flap just as it pleases. When Mr. Fly then wishes to pay a visit of ceremony to a distinguished acquaintance, or to move with gravity around his fair one, without the trouble of raising himself in the air, he stretches out these points, tightens the flap, draws the air from under it, and moves along the polished surface of the glass with as much ease and security, as you can on the broad gravel walk in the garden."

"How delightful! How beautiful! How ingenious!" they all exclaimed at once. "I shall never see a fly again without interest."

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

JOHN.

I MEAN to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new,
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too;
I would go amid the battle,
With my broad sword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes,
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphan's cry of wo?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week,
For all the gay and great;

I'll be a king, except a crown,
For that they won't allow,
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That even pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine,
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see;
And you shall never hear a word,
To check that mind from me;

But, ah! remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine's shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours,
Music, and sport, and joy, shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness,
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh! children! sad it makes my soul,
To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

C. G.

Charleston, S. C.

MARIA MEDWAY AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

"WELL," said Maria Medway to her sister Louisa, as they were dressing themselves early in the morning, "here has Thursday come again. It always arrives too soon for me. There seem to be ten Thursdays in every month."

"Why have you such a dislike to Thursday?" enquired Louisa.

"You know my reason very well," replied Maria; "have I not to go every Thursday and spend the day with my grandmother?"

Louisa.—Well, do not I spend every Monday with her?

Maria.—Oh! but you like it. I wish you would sometimes take my turn, as well as your own.

Louisa.—I would willingly do so, only that grandmother would be hurt, and would think you wanting in affection towards her; besides, you know that your father and mother would not permit it.

Maria.—Grandmother may be very good; but she is certainly very tiresome.

Louisa.—How can you speak of her so disrespectfully? You never thought her tiresome till your friends, the Tildens, put it into your head. Vain, silly, heartless things as they are!

Maria.—Louisa, I must request you not to talk so of my most intimate friends.

Louisa.—You know very well that your mother disapproves of the Tildens, regrets that you ever happened to become acquainted with them, and has told you that the intimacy must be gradually dropped.

Maria.—I never felt less inclination to spend a day with grandmother. She is so old-fashioned, and has such queer antiquated ideas. And having had no early education, she is not at all grammatical. And then she always calls me *honey*.

Lousia.—I like her old fashioned manners and antiquated ideas, and particularly her stories of former times. So once did you.

Maria.—But I have now acquired a better taste. I would rather hear the Tildens talk of Washington City, and the Springs, and Long Branch. The Tildens are surprised that my father and mother think it necessary that we should all pay her so much attention, for you know that, though in very good circumstances, she cannot be called rich; and that her property,

when divided among her descendants, will not be a fortune for any one of them.

Louisa.—Oh! Maria, Maria, how it grieves me to hear you talk in this manner of dear, good grandmother! She who loves us all so much, and who is the mother of our mother.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Medway perceiving that Maria seemed in no haste to set out on her visit, reminded her that her grandmother would be expecting her long before her arrival. Maria, after much loitering and lingering, equipped herself in her bonnet and cloak, and departed. But she stopped by the way to make a short visit to her friends, the Tildens, who did not live far from the residence of old Mrs. Allison. As soon as the Miss Tildens saw Maria, they told her she had come most opportunely, as they were going that afternoon to walk across the Delaware on the ice, with a large party of young people, and that they had intended asking her to join them.

Maria had never walked over a frozen river, and the novelty struck her as being very delightful. The Tildens told her, that one of them was about going to her house to invite her. Maria thought in her own mind that in all probability her mother would object to her joining the party, or her going on the ice at all, as it was late in

the winter, and there were indications of an approaching thaw.

"Now you are here," said Eliza Tilden, "you can stay and dine with us. All the party are to assemble at our house, and we are to have an early dinner, at two o'clock, the afternoons being still short."

"No," replied Maria, "I cannot go without my mother's permission, and I fear she will not consent to my walking so far on the river; as, since her cousin was drowned when skating, she is very unwilling that any of the family should venture on the ice."

"Oh!" said Eliza, foolishly, "that is all a notion. If it is safe for us, it is safe for you."

"And besides," continued Maria, "this is Thursday, the day of the week that I always have to spend with grandmother Allison."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia Tilden, "if it is *grandmother day*, I do indeed pity you! But you can surely get off, and come to us notwithstanding?"

"Not with my mother's approbation," answered Maria.

"Pooh," replied Julia, "you are quite too precise. Mamma exacts no such unlimited obedience from *her* children. We all do very much as we please."

The Miss Tildens most strenuously endeavoured to prevail on Maria to excuse herself to her grandmother, and join their river party, without going home to ask leave of Mrs. Medway. Maria withstood all their solicitations, till the young ladies mentioned that their brother Henry, a midshipman, who had arrived the evening before from the Pacific, was to accompany them. Maria had never seen him; but he at that moment entered the parlour, and was introduced to her. He was a handsome boy, and was dressed in his uniform. His dirk, his cockade, and his gilt buttons, stamped with the eagle and anchor, made him appear an Adonis in the eyes of Maria; and on understanding the subject of discussion, he united in urging her to join their party, and allow him the pleasure of escorting her across the Delaware. Maria was a young girl of unusual personal beauty.

To walk on the river was a great temptation to Maria, but to walk with "a smart young midshipman" in his uniform, was a greater still. The Tildens all declared that they would enjoin every one of the party to secrecy, so that it might never come to the knowledge of her family; and Maria, not perceiving how flimsy was this precaution, at length yielded to their importunities. It was arranged that she could go first to her grand-

mother, and allege illness as an excuse from passing the day with her, lest the old lady, tired of waiting, should send one of her maids to Mrs. Medway's house, to enquire why Maria did not come. As soon as she could get away, she was to return to the Tildens, dine with them, and accompany them on their expedition; and when she went home in the evening, she was to allow her parents to suppose that she had been all day with her grandmother. The scheme was by no means well contrived, and it was scarcely possible it should not be discovered; but when young people allow themselves to wander into the crooked paths of deception, their ingenuity is seldom sufficient to enable them to manage so skilfully, as to escape discomfiture and disgrace.

The Tildens, however, were very sanguine as to the success of the plan, and Maria, promising to act her part well, set out again for her grandmother's.

Mrs. Allison lived in an old fashioned mansion, with a penthouse and a porch. The walls were of black and red bricks in chequers, and the windows had clumsy sashes and small panes. On entering the front door, the first object that saluted the eye were four leathern fire buckets, painted with the family name, and suspended in a row across an arch at the foot of the stair case.

Since the introduction of the hose, fire buckets are no longer used in Philadelphia, but Mrs. Allison carefully preserved hers, as relics of the olden time, and had long persisted in the custom of throwing them into the street whenever there was an alarm of fire; sagaciously remarking, that "a fire could not be too well put out."

The aspect of the parlour was most primitive: on the floor lay a square Turkey carpet, thought magnificent in former times; the fire place was filled with a Franklin stove of the very earliest pattern; its front plate being occupied with a rude device, representing Washington in a suit of armour, trampling on a lion, and attacking Britannia with a spear; while, with dishevelled locks and uplifted hands, she is endeavouring to save the crown which is tumbling from her head, struck down by a thunderbolt issuing from the talons of an eagle that is hovering above her; and fame is blowing a trumpet in the clouds, and proclaiming to the world the freedom of America.* There were six heavy claw footed mahogany chairs, with covers of antique furniture chintz, on which an interminable blue tree

* The writer of this little story, when a child of four years old, derived her first ideas of the American revolution, from one of these stoves.

meandered over a white ground; shepherds and shepherdesses piping under its branches. The sofa and window curtains matched the chair covers. A dark oval dining table that seemed to have a hundred legs, stood opposite to the sofa; and a round tea table was turned up against the wall in one of the corners. Between the windows, on another many legged table, was a large waiter, containing a tea service of India china, that sat there for ever. Opposite, a huge chest of drawers, with a desk half way up, towered nearly to the ceiling with innumerable drawers both large and small, the brass making a great fuss round every key hole, as an Indian remarked of a similar piece of furniture. This stupendous article reared itself on high curved legs, and its top was ornamented at every corner with flower jars of white china, edged with green; each one branching out their five hollow tubes, in imitation of the fingers of a great spread hand. On a mantle-piece of almost inaccessible height, stood four other India jars, but of blue and gold china, very tall, and with very tottering lids, according to the custom of all such jars. A great eight day clock, with a most complicated dial plate, ticked in another corner. Over the sofa was a large looking-glass in two compartments, framed in mahogany, and surmounted with a gilt eagle;

and between the windows hung the best sampler of Mrs. Allison, whose maiden name had been Penley. This sampler was on the most approved style of the times. At the top was a crimson brick house, with two poplars, and a black and white dog on one side, and two poplars and a brown and white dog on the other. Beneath, was a great green tree, bespattered with apples, and rendering intelligible the figures of Adam and Eve. Next came an inscription of "Margaret Penley, Her Work, in the 8th Year of Her Age 1765;" and lastly, arranged in short columns, were the names of all her relations, beginning with her parents, sisters and brothers, and ending with uncles, aunts and cousins. The sampler was bordered all round with something meant for a strawberry vine.

Mrs. Allison was seated at her knitting, in a large green rocking chair. She was dresed in a dark brown rattinet gown, a snuff coloured silk handkerchief pinned over her white one, a cap with a white satin bow, and three aprons which she wore to keep each other clean; the under one being of tamboured muslin, the next of white linen, and the third of check.

The good old lady received Maria with her usual cordiality, asked why she came so late, and desired her to take off her bonnet and cloak,

and hang them up in the press closet, there being a very convenient one beside the fire place. Maria complained bitterly of cold and declined taking off her cloak. "In short, grandmother," said she, "I fear I am going to have a chill; indeed I am certain of it."

"What, a real right down ague chill?" exclaimed Mrs. Allison.

"Yes, indeed," answered Maria. "You know I got the ague, when I was in the country last September, and how much difficulty there was in curing me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Allison, "if you had taken the real old substantial bark in good thick powders, and not those trifling pills the doctors call *canine*, you would very soon have been well. However, honey, you have had nothing of it since the hard winter weather set in."

"Yes," replied Maria, "you know when once we get this disease, the physicians say it is very difficult to eradicate it entirely from the system, and that we are always liable to a return of it. And I certainly have a chill coming on me now. I had better go home immediately."

"Go home!" exclaimed Mrs. Allison. "What! go home with an ague fit upon you! No, indeed, honey, that's a thing I cannot possibly allow. It is well you are here. You shall stay and be

properly nursed, and I will send Mary to tell your mother. Or, on second thoughts, that will only make her uneasy, and as it has come on so early in the day, it will be all over before evening; so you shall just stay with me. I saw enough of the disease when I lived in the Eastern Shore of Maryland; and I will do all I can to get you well through, and we won't make your mother uncomfortable about it. It will be time enough for her to know it, when the whole is over."

"I had much rather go home," said Maria, trying to shiver, "I shall be better in my own room."

"You can be better nowhere than here,' replied her grandmother. "When once an ague fit comes on, it must take its course till it has gone through all its ceremonies; but good nursing will make it lighter."

"But it is not yet so bad that I cannot go home," said Maria, "and perhaps it may be very slight."

"Then," replied Mrs. Allison, "if it is slight you can stay here as well as any where else."

"It will not be slight," said the perplexed Maria, "it is coming on so slowly that I can easily get home first; but I feel as if it would be very bad; so bad that my remaining here would cause you much trouble in nursing me."

"That will be no trouble," answered Mrs. Allison, "but rather a pleasure,"—for the good lady delighted at having an opportunity of attending a sick person, and plying them with what she called the true remedies. And in her eagerness to have her for a patient, she began to imagine that she actually perceived in her granddaughter all the symptoms of a decided ague fit.

"I feel better already," said Maria, "quite well enough to go home."

"If you feel better, why should you go home at all?" asked Mrs. Allison—"but that is all a notion; you cannot be better, for the ague always takes its course. And now I look at you (drawing down her spectacles) I see your hands turning white, and your nails blue. Let me see your arms—why, honey, they are all over goose flesh, and your eyes are beginning to sink and look hollow, and—dear me—how sharp your nose is!"

"Indeed, indeed, grandmother, you are mistaken," said Maria, almost ready to cry.

"There now," exclaimed Mrs. Allison, "your chin is quivering, and your teeth chattering!"

"I assure you," said Maria, "the fit has not yet come on; but as I am certain it will, I had much better go and have it at home."

"What," cried Mrs. Allison, "shall it be said that I allowed my daughter's child to leave her

grandmother's house, with the ague upon her? No, no, honey, you are safe for this day. In the evening, if you are well enough, I will let you go home. But say no more about it, for as I have no object but your own good, I shall immediately take you in hand, with the true remedies."

Maria was now caught in her own trap, and could think of no way to extricate herself. Her grandmother having once had the idea of an ague fit suggested to her, easily persuaded herself that all the usual symptoms were plainly apparent, and she urged Maria not to put any restraint on her feelings, by trying to suppress them, but to show herself as ill as she really was.

The already large fire was replenished with more wood. Her grandmother's black satin cloak, lined with fur, was put on over Maria's merino. Her head was wrapped in an Angora shawl, and a pair of thick Germantown stockings were drawn on over her shoes, and then each foot was pinned up in a bundle of flannel; for, as Mrs. Allison justly observed, "nothing warms one sooner than getting one's feet right hot."

Maria was then assiduously plied with ginger-tea. She was half suffocated with heat, but after remonstrating in vain, she thought it best to submit awhile, and then to pretend that these warm remedies had dispelled the chill.

"And now," said she, trying to disengage herself from all her envelopes, "the chill has entirely gone off, and I feel quite warm enough to go home."

"Very warm, don't you?" enquired her grandmother.

"Yes, very warm"—was Maria's reply.

"Then that's the fever," exclaimed Mrs. Allison. "The fever comes after the chill, as regularly as day comes after night. You cannot suppose I would let you go home with the fever upon you. No, you must now go up stairs and be undrest, and lie down on my bed, and drink toast and water, and lay yourself out for the fever. The fire in my chamber is just about right for a fever."

In vain did Maria protest that she had no fever, and felt perfectly well. Her grandmother declared that there never was a chill without a fever afterwards, and that as to her imagining she felt well, fevers often raised the spirits. Maria was obliged again to submit, and accompanied her grandmother up stairs, determining in her own mind to make her fever as short as her chill had been.

Mrs. Allison undrest her very tenderly, and put on her one of her own night-gowns, with a long tightish waist and narrow sleeves, and a

night cap with a high peaked top, and a vast border. Maria, as she glanced at her figure in the glass, could not help laughing. "Dear child," said the good old lady, "I hope her fever is not making her delirious! But lie down, honey, and you shall have no covering but this India spread, and I will part these sticks in the fire-place, that the room may not be too warm, while I go and prepare the toast and water."

Maria at length resolved to acquiesce with a good grace, and knowing that her grandmother always took a nap immediately after her early dinner, she planned an escape to take place at that time, intending to leave a note for Mrs. Allison, with some sort of apology, and then to hasten to the Tildens, and join their party. She therefore drank, or pretended to drink, the toast and water, and allowed her grandmother to fan her, though she was already quite cool enough.

Mrs. Allison, on feeling her granddaughter's hand, was surprised that they were not hotter, and also that her cheeks were not more flushed; but said, that after all the only true way to judge of a fever, was by the pulse, and Maria's went so fast that there was no counting it.

"What a pity you are not well!" said the good Mrs. Allison, "I had prepared a nice little

mince pie for your luncheon; but you shall have it in the evening, after all this is over."

"I think I could eat a piece now," said Maria.

"What! eat mince pie with a high fever upon you!" exclaimed her grandmother. "No, no, honey, I know better than that. And there is a roast goose for dinner and plenty of apple sauce; but you will not be able to taste it."

Towards dinner time, Maria, who was really hungry, declared she felt well enough to eat any thing. "The fit is not over yet," said her grandmother, "the pain in the back, and the head-ache, and the perspiration, are all to come; and till the whole is over, you must eat nothing to signify." This was a sad sentence to poor Maria, who secretly determined to emancipate herself by getting through all these things as soon as possible.

In a short time Mrs. Allison went down stairs, and soon after Maria heard one of the maids setting the dinner table, and distinguished the savoury smell of the roast goose and apple sauce, as she lay starving on the bed. Her grandmother soon returned, bringing with her a small waiter covered with a napkin.

"Grandmother," said Maria, "since you went down, I have had both the head-ache and pain in

my back, and now they have left me, and I feel as well as ever."

Mrs. Allison set down the waiter, and putting her hand on Maria's forehead, said, "But still I perceive no perspiration. That is yet to come, and that will be the finish. It surprises me, honey, that having had so much of the ague last fall, you should already have forgotten its rules. All must be accomplished. There is no such thing as a half ague; at least there was not in my time."

"But there is *now*," said Maria briskly, "many people have only one or two of the symptoms, without going through the whole routine."

"Ah! that I have heard," replied the grandmother, "but I cannot believe it. For, call it chill and fever, or what you will, the ague is the ague all the world over. But as you complained of being hungry, I have brought some panada, that I made for you myself."

"And is that all I am to have?" said Maria, who had a sovereign contempt for panada.

"Nothing else," replied Mrs. Allison, "till the fit is entirely off, and you have had your perspiration, which seems to be a great while in coming. But I'll leave you to eat your panada, while I go down to my dinner. How sorry I am that you cannot share it with me."

Maria tasted the panada, but as soon as her grandmother left the room she pushed it away in disgust, and pondered in her mind how she should produce this perspiration, without which she was afraid she should not be released from her thraldom.

She thought of warm tea; and when her grandmother came up, Maria told her she felt as if she would like some. "It must be herb tea, then," said Mrs. Allison. "I care not what it is," answered Maria, fretfully. "Poor child," said the good old lady, "how sickness tries the temper. I must get something to compose her."

Concluding, now, that nothing was more desirable for her granddaughter, than a comfortable sleep, that would carry her through the perspiration, Mrs. Allison went down and made her some strong tea of hops and boiling water, and as soon as it was cool enough, she brought it to her; and Maria, not disliking the taste, drank of it plentifully.

This being over, Mrs. Allison settled herself in her easy chair, and commenced her afternoon nap. It was not yet two o'clock, and Maria's intention was to rise, write a few lines to her grandmother with a pencil, and steal off to join the Tildens. She had been thinking in vain all the morning, of a plausible excuse for privately

departing, and found it was less easy, than she had at first supposed, to carry through a deception. There was now no time to be lost; but while she was deliberating on what to say, drowsiness insensibly stole over her, and she fell into a profound slumber. Had she been aware of the soporific qualities of the hop tea, she would have refused it; but as it tasted very strong, she concluded it would have the same effect she had heard attributed to the green China tea, that of exhilarating her spirits, and enabling her to enjoy the party with double pleasure.

She had a delightful dream, in which she imagined herself walking with her companions on the Delaware, and that the ice looked like mother of pearl, and that clusters of roses were growing out of the air holes. Her cloak seemed to be of purple velvet, lined with white satin, and her hat of the same materials, decorated with a long white feather. She thought the midshipman was with her in a uniform glittering with gold lace, and spangled with stars, and that he was continually feeding her with macaroons and queen cakes, which he took out of an inexhaustible pocket.

From this charming vision she was wakened by a sudden light glaring on her eyes, and as she opened them, she perceived her grandmother

entering the room with a candle. She started up in amazement, and held back the curtain. It was night.

"Don't be startled, honey," said the old lady. "You have had a good sound sleep. It is now half past six. You must have had your perspiration while I was taking my afternoon nap, for I have been watching you ever since, and I have seen nothing of it. You may thank me for this fine long sleep, as the tea I gave you was made of hops, on purpose."

The first idea that now struck Maria was, that she had entirely missed the walking party, and that the Tildens, supposing she could not get away from her grandmother, had gone without her.

She had had a most uncomfortable day, and when she saw that her scheme had been entirely defeated, and that she had told falsehood upon falsehood, and deceived her grandmother, without gaining any thing herself, she was quite overcome, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Allison was surprised and alarmed, and with many caresses urged her granddaughter to tell her what was the matter. Maria, who was really but a novice in falsehood, and whose conscience had been reproaching her nearly the whole day, threw herself into her grandmother's arms, and with bitter sobs confessed all, and

entreated forgiveness. The old lady much affected, granted it cheerfully, and then recollecting herself—" Bless me, honey," said she, " as you have not been really sick, how hungry you must be!" And then, hurrying down stairs, she soon had her tea-table set out, with a portion of every good thing in the house; not forgetting the cold roast goose and the mince pie.

Maria, in the mean time, rose, dressed herself, and washing the traces of tears from her eyes, determined to atone for her fault, by in future behaving to her grandmother as well as she possibly could. The old lady, who, on account of Maria's supposed illness, had talked but little during the day, became very entertaining, and told some new reminiscences that her granddaughter had never heard before, or at least never attended to.

At nine o'clock, Mrs. Medway sent the carriage to bring Maria home, as it was beginning to rain. At parting, the kind old lady kissed her, and said, " Now, honey, you need not fear that I shall inform your father and mother of the little trick you have been playing me to-day. I know the Tildens put it into your head, though you don't say so. But I never tell tales, or make mischief between parents and children. I am sure you will never do such a thing again, and

truly the dismal day it has caused you to spend, is quite punishment enough."

When Maria got home, the first thing she heard, was, that the Tildens, with eight or nine of their friends, had set out to walk across the Delaware; but going too near an air-hole, the ice had broken under them, and five of the party (including the midshipman) had fallen in, and had been extricated with great difficulty by some of the spectators; the young lady that was with Henry Tilden being nearly dead when taken out of the water. All of them had been much cut and bruised with the broken ice, and Eliza Tilden had both of her wrists sprained in being dragged out of the hole. It was feared that a severe cold (if nothing worse) would be the consequence to all the company.

"Oh! how fortunate that I was not with them!" exclaimed Maria. "Why," said Mrs. Medway, "did they invite you to join their party?"—Maria then candidly confessed the whole, as she had done to her grandmother, and declared her willingness that the intimacy with the Tildens should gradually subside.

It gives me pleasure to add that this was Maria Medway's last attempt at deception.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL

TO HIS MOTHER.

The sails are set, the anchor weigh'd,
  And seaward blows the gale;
Farewell, my friends, my village home,
  To all a long farewell.
Dear mother, let no anxious thought
  For me your mind employ;
For God in safety o'er the deep
  Will guide your sailor boy.

I've climb'd the chestnut's lofty bough,
  Its prickly store to cull;
But now I climb the taper mast,
  That crowns the rolling hull;
In merry greenwood I have heard
  The wild winds rush and rave;
But now they swell the fluttering sail,
  And curl the heaving wave.

No more around our cottage fire,
  At happy eventide,
My little brother on my knee,
  My sister at my side,
No more I join my comrades gay,
  At sunset on the lea;
But watch the twilight stars come out,
  Above the lonely sea.

I am a little sailor boy,
  But twelve years old, 'tis true;
But I can learn to reef and steer,
  And all that sailors do.
And, mother, I'll remember now,
  What oft you've said to me;
"The honest heart and busy hand
  Can never luckless be."

And time flies fast—in twelve years more
  I may a captain stand;
And guide a gallant vessel home,
  With wealth from foreign land.
My father dear, to toil for us,
  Is forc'd afar to roam;
But, mother, then I'll toil for him,
  And he shall bide at home.

And when his raven locks are white,
  And your red cheek is pale;
For both I'll steer the flying ship,
  And spread the distant sail.
So, mother, never weep for me,
  But think of all the joy,
When I come home a captain bold—
  And bless your sailor boy.

A. B.

Woodbury, N. J.

THE REBELS DEFEATED.

Who has not witnessed the warlike disposition displayed by boys, in many of their plays and exercises? Indeed most of those in which they take the greatest delight, from their roughness and violence, would seem to have been derived from the bloody trade of war.

It has been said by some one, that "wars are the duels of princes." However that may be, they certainly form no small portion of the amusements of boys.

The mimic flag is unfurled, and given as freely and proudly to the breeze, by the young heroes, as the blood stained banner of a hundred battles. The wooden dagger (oh! that none had ever been made of any other substance!) is stuck in the belt in a right soldier like fashion, and seems eager to start from its sheath, to do the work of death; and as the poet hath it,

"The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"

Painted by T. Webster. Engraved by F. Kearny.

THE REBELS DEFEATED.

Published by T. T. Ash Philad.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

are displayed in the pretended contests of the school-boy heroes.

I never see the battle array of little boys, without having my mind forcibly carried back to the period, when I used to enact the general, the sergeant, and, if occasion happened, the private, in my own proper person.

I had, before I was five years old, obtained the character of being the most mischievous little cub in the whole village. I was a complete disorganizer, and delighted in nothing so much as doing all manner of naughty tricks. I could not resist the temptation of pushing a boy into the mire, in order that he might soil his "well saved suit" of Sunday clothes; and many is the flagon of milk I have been the means of upsetting by frightening the cow, as the patient milk-maid was about finishing her laborious work.

I was by this means placed at the head of a parcel of little ragamuffins, whose exploits, though they have not been blazoned on the scroll of fame, along with those of the Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, are yet severely felt within the bounds of the parish which was the theatre of them.

By the time I was ten, I was considered as past all hopes of reform. I had been dismissed from half a dozen of schools, for accumulated

acts of insubordination and mischief; and as no boy who had any regard for his character would associate with me, a natural consequence of my doings, I was left to the companionship of a club of little desperadoes, whose honourable employment was that of contriving all kinds of annoyance to the more peaceably disposed.

It must not be imagined that pure, unmitigated mischief filled up the little circle of my early days; that I was a little Nero, who could delight in nothing so much as giving pain—that would be a wrong view of my character. I was generally found the defender of the weak, against the encroachments of the strong. Not that I was over scrupulous in my enquiries about who was in the right, or who was in the wrong; my sympathies overturning all the defences my reason set up, so that I was frequently like the knight of La Mancha, in the very centre of an affray, and taking a violent part in it, before I knew which side I was upon, or what it was about.

I was, in fact, of a very energetic temperament, and the country and its quiet joys did not fill up my mind; and having no one who cared sufficiently for me, that was capable of examining my character, and finding out the disease which was preying on my moral constitution, and applying

the proper remedy by diversifying my pursuits, I was allowed to run wild.

In this way, I ran a great hazard of being entirely ruined. But my versatile disposition did that for me, which wise counsel and a different situation might have accomplished before. I took a sudden surfeit of the low follies I had been engaged in, as a man will at a dish he has had too frequently, or of which he has ate too heartily. My eyes were unsealed, and young as I was, I could not help being astonished, mortified, and ashamed, at my former doings.

About the latter part of my wayward career, I was engaged in a little boyish frolic, which, though not important in itself, made an impression on my mind, which is at this day very vivid, though many summers have passed over my head since it occurred, and I will now relate it for the amusement of my little readers, and at the same time hope that they may never be guilty of the like folly. After a long vacation, the day at last came for returning to school, and to me it was not an unpleasant day, for I panted for the noise, bustle, tears, and sobs, of a school room. Before I was permitted to depart I was loaded like a cart horse, with good advice, caresses, and cake. My grandmother thought, honest woman, that the nearest road to my heart lay through the

stomach, and as she unquestionably wished to establish an interest in the former, she made good provision for the latter.

Away then I trudged to school. But who can turn away from the door of one whose happiness is locked up in ours, without emotion? That grandmother had been to me more than a mother, and indeed was all that I knew of one. She was a woman whose heart was as true as the magnet to the pole, and to me—how can I tell how indulgent she was to my errors, how kind to my friends, how enthusiastic in her anticipations of my future advancement! In spite of my numerous backslidings, her eye watched me, and like the silent instrument of the sailor, gave me notice of the hidden rocks and sands which lay in my course. I determined, as I held on my way, that she should not be disappointed; but I was not aware how brittle are resolutions which are not supported by a sound regulating principle.

I had not been a week at school, when politics became very stormy. At first parties were pretty nearly balanced, and there was much caucusing and intrigue on both sides, but no decisive measures were taken. One party wished to nullify the authority of old Crabtree, the school-master, against whom many grave charges were preferred. He had laid, of his own free will and pleasure, a

tariff, amounting to a total prohibition, on all imports of nuts, gingerbread, apples, and story books, and in fact on all commodities which school boys have wanted from time immemorial, unless we bought them of some tenants of his, who charged for them, in consequence of the prohibition, a much higher price than we could have bought them elsewhere. All this the nullifiers, to which party I belonged, stoutly maintained was robbery, usurpation, and altogether unconstitutional. The other party maintained with equal spirit, and obstinacy, that, by his trust as master of the school, he had the right to make any laws he chose, to regulate all our outgoings and incomings, and that though the operation of the restriction made us pay twice as much for our apples as we should do, if we were allowed to buy them where we chose, yet the money being spent in the neighbourhood had a good effect, and that all of us some how or other derived a benefit from it. Crabtree was a vigorous, vigilant old man, and punished with great severity the slightest breach of his laws. These were not indeed, like Draco's of old, written in blood; but, as if in imitation of that legislator, all offences received the same punishment, I was caught two or three times smuggling in at a broken pane, sundry forbidden articles, for which

I was flogged, as if I had been a galley slave. At last I determined to rebel, to throw old Crabtree's laws in his teeth, and put his authority at defiance. For this bold project I could get but few supporters, and those who joined my cause, were not of the highest standing in the school; but we resolved to make up for every deficiency in number and character, by the boldness of the attempt and the manner of its execution.

I will not dwell upon our secret meetings, upon the speeches which were delivered, or upon the noble glow of patriotism which filled our young bosoms; I will leave these for the more regular and pompous pen of history to record. I will content myself by giving the result, not the process, by which our object was obtained.

It was determined, that the first announcement of our rebellion, should take place in the lion's den, and before our confederated oppressors. When the hour approached, however, I observed a good deal of quaking and trepidation among my followers, and the awful question of the dramatist, quivered fearfully on their lips,

> "If we should fail?—"
> "We fail!
> But screw your courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll not fail,"

was my answer.

I had calculated upon some incident taking place in the course of the first morning at school, which would give us a decent opportunity of hoisting the black flag; but there seemed to be a dead calm in school, all the complicated machinery of the monarchy went on without giving a solitary creak, and I in vain looked the conspirators in the face, to remind them of our scheme, but all was there as settled and calm as the surface of a mountain lake, when there is not a breeze stirring.

But it was the calm which precedes the storm, for old Crabtree caught a little fellow in the act of taking in some contraband commodity through a broken pane. The little culprit was ordered, in a voice of thunder, to the pedagogue's throne, to receive a suitable chastisement for his offence. This was the moment I seized for carrying into effect my plan; accordingly I jumped from my seat, and when I gained the centre of the room, I exclaimed, that I would no longer submit to his unjust and tyrannical rules, and that instant left the school, followed by my friends. The old man looked unutterable things, and it was well for us that we escaped before he had his hands upon us, or we should have suffered severely for our temerity.

The moment we gained the open air, we set up a shout which made the old school house ring,

and away we bounded like so many wild animals let loose from their keeper.

To enact the part of soldiers was our first care, and suitable decorations were soon found, and never was a regiment more joyful, or more proud of their officer, than ours.

We were the envy of all the boys of the village, and might have recruited our members to any extent, but we resolved to admit no one to share our honours with us.

To conclude a day so full of glory, we went to fire a cannon which one of our companions had lately received.

We tried it several times out of doors, and it made a glorious report. At length he proposed that we should go into the kitchen, and fire at his sister's doll. This was carried by acclamation. The devoted doll was found, its eyes were bound, the cannon was placed and levelled, the match was applied, and the luckless doll was pierced exactly through the heart. Three cheers followed this exploit, which, for aught I know, might have the number of nine, had we not been interrupted by the apparition of the mistress of the house, who we had been assured was from home. "She looked not lovingly on our divan," before her eye the spirit of my com-

panions shrunk. Nor did she confine her anger to her face, for she laid hold of a staff, and began to lay upon my shoulders, blows that I felt for many a long day afterwards.

Two or three escaped in the confusion of the first onset: one tried to conceal himself under a dresser, but in the terror of the moment, he upset a jug of milk, which increased the anger of the virago. My courage, I must confess it, gave way, and I screamed to the very top of my voice for mercy. But I might as well have petitioned the walls of the house. I thought her arm was made of iron, or it would have tired by her exertion. Nor was she by any means partial in her exertions, for her hand fell with equal weight upon us all.

The greatest storm, however, must have an end, and the amazon began to fag a little in her activity, and finally her wrath actually burnt itself out.

But the sun never shone upon a more disconsolate scene. Darius flying before the victorious Macedonian, or Napoleon from Russia, were scarcely more melancholy instances of the fickleness of fortune, and the weakness of the defeated soldier, than we exhibited at the end of our flagellation.

We were completely in the hands of the enemy; nor was there any hope of escape. Our valour

had all oozed out at the palms of our hands, and our sighs and tears (for the termagant had beaten us until we gave over the more audible demonstrations of our grief) were all that remained to us. But depressed as we were, our sufferings did not end here, for she ordered us to march back to school, in the miserable plight we were then in, and then she made us carry with us the sad memorials of our own folly, the military insignia of which we had been so proud in the morning.

Old Crabtree received us with a grin that would have graced the face of Pluto. But I will not here recount the terrors of the fiery furnace we had to pass through. Here I drop the curtain and close my narrative, by telling my young readers, that this was the last act of the drama of my youthful follies; that the defeat of the rebels closed the last valve of insubordination in my system, and that ever after I endeavoured to redeem my lost time by the most assiduous attention to all my duties. And I tell how much happier I felt after my metamorphosis!

TO MY SISTER.

BY J. FERGUSON ROGERS.

I SHAME not to bespeak the love,
  Fair one, I feel for thee!
And whilst through the wide world I rove,
  I know thou must love me—
Unshaken, pure, and passionless,
  Though false each other heart,
There will remain thy voice to bless,
  When weaker friends depart.

Like one sweet flower that meets the eye,
  Within a lonely path—
Like one bright star upon a sky,
  No other light that hath;
Thy innocent and youthful form
  Is on my soul imprest,
A type of virtue,—and no storm
  Hath yet swept o'er its breast.

Ay, thou art young and spotless now;
  —Of such is the high heaven—
And nature to that polished brow
  A cherub air hath given;

Alas! what ill may hover near,
  To taint this flower so fair—
But stay—I will not have one fear,
  That sin will gather there!

Sweet Helen, with thy humble name,
  I would my heart entwine;
Whatever be the meeds of fame—
  Whatever ills be mine,
Thou art my truest, only love—
  A child of kindred birth—
A spirit that will soar above
  The passions of the earth.

Fair lot befall thee, gentle one!—
  Again go to thy play:
How fondly I shall watch thy sun
  Rise to meridian day,
Is not for the cold world to know,
  Or vulgar minds to hear—
Whate'er I am—where'er I go,
  Thy heart and mine be near!

A DIALOGUE ON HISTORY.

"WHAT is the use of history, mamma?" asked Henry Elwood, one December evening, as he and his mother were sitting by a fine blazing fire.

"It has many and important uses, Harry," answered his mother, "and the pleasure that it gives to readers of all ages, is not the least of them."

"O yes, mamma, it is vastly pleasant to read about those old Greeks, and Romans, and barbarians, and their battles, and negotiations; and the destroying of one kingdom, and the setting up of another, just like the puppets in a show, but I cannot see any use in it, more than in a story."

"The mind, naturally, my boy, prefers truth to fiction, and history gratifies this disposition of the mind, at the same time that it amuses the imagination. Fiction, then, is a very inferior species of entertainment to history."

"The truth of things so far back, does not signify much, surely, mamma! I think we should not lose any thing, if the story of Alcibiades had no better foundation than that of Robinson Crusoe."

"The truth of history, both ancient and modern, is of the first importance to mankind; for besides gratifying a curiosity which all but the most debased and ignorant feel about the condition of mankind in every age, we should suffer an irreparable loss, if deprived of the example of so many great and good men, who have distinguished themselves in the cause of liberty and knowledge."

"But, mamma, we surely do not now need the example of Socrates or Leonidas, for we have, you know, Franklin and Washington, and I am sure the latter was as brave as Leonidas, and the former as wise as Socrates, and both of them far more successful, besides being our countrymen, which makes them more interesting to us."

"It is very improbable, Harry, that Washington or Franklin would have been distinguished for their love of country, if they had not been warmed and elevated by the examples of antiquity; and the misfortunes of such men as Socrates and Demosthenes, have caused a deeper sympathy for them in all succeeding times, and raised up for the cause in which they died, a greater

number of advocates, than if they had lived and died in prosperity."

"Is it likely, mamma, that Washington and Franklin strengthened their courage, by thinking of the resistance that the Greeks made to the Persians, for instance?"

"Nothing is more probable, Harry. The conduct of the Greeks upon that occasion has been of infinite use to mankind; for it has shown that a people animated by the spirit of freedom and national independence, have little to fear from foreign invaders, however numerous; and the American patriots could no where have found more noble instances of resistance to tyranny, than abounds in almost every page of the history of that interesting and heroic people, the Greeks."

"I did not think of that," said Harry, "but history still is useful only to statesmen and generals, for common people have no need of those high examples of greatness and courage. It can be of no advantage to a merchant or a mechanic, to know how the battle of Salamis was won, or that of Philippi was lost."

"The same might be said of every thing that did not concern our immediate interests, trade, profession, or amusements; but his must be a very vulgar mind indeed, which does not rejoice in the victory of the Greeks over their barbarous

foes, and lament over the fallen friends of liberty in the fatal battle of Philippi; and these generous affections of the mind, which great events call forth, are of the highest service to every one."

"We have enough of these in the history of our own country, surely, without going so far for them; and after all, mamma, as it is the best country, so is the history of it the best and the only one, for an American, at least that is worth studying."

"You might just as well say, that an American should not study the geography of another country, or its minerals, or arts, or improvements in machinery, or that he should only read American books. If this contracted plan could be carried into effect, it would destroy all the knowledge which mankind has been collecting for ages, and all that the poet has sung, or the hero acted, and would establish ridiculous and contemptible prejudices on an immoveable basis. We should then cut just such a figure as the Chinese, who, when he saw a map of the world, was surprised and disappointed to find his own country form so small a part of it; or of the Samoides, the most degraded of the human species, inhabiting a region covered the greater part of the year with frost and snow, who expressed surprise, because the emperor of Russia did not choose to reside

among them. History likewise exhibits to us many surprising views of human nature. Such as the Spartan women rejoicing when their sons were slain in battle, and mourning when they had escaped after a defeat,—the mild and polished Athenians, mutilating the prisoners taken in battle, and banishing their wisest and best men,—and Timor, the conqueror of Asia, expressing great contrition one day for having accidentally trod on an ant, and a few hours after causing molten lead to be poured down the throats of some prisoners he had taken. In many other respects is history both useful and curious."

"I should like to know them, mamma," said Harry.

"Well, Harry, suppose I tell you a story."

"Do, mamma, I should like of all things to hear it."

"There was once a family consisting of a father, mother, and two sons, and three daughters, that lived in a beautiful valley, through the middle of which flowed a very large river. The cottage in which they lived was small, they had no garden, nor indeed did they cultivate the ground at all, but allowed it to remain as they found it, and the trees were left to grow, and decay, just in their own way. The father and the sons were seldom at home, for they were engaged the greater part

of their time in the chase, and when they returned at night, bringing with them the animals they had killed, the mother and daughters had to prepare a portion of them for supper. They were not very nice about it, to be sure, for they merely eat pieces out of the animals, and threw them upon the hot embers, and those who wanted a piece, took it from the fire. They had no tables, nor chairs, nor knives, nor forks, nor tumblers. They sat on the floor of the cabin, and when they had eaten till they were satisfied, they threw themselves down on the skins which were spread on the floor, and which formed their only bed.

"The skins of these wild beasts, likewise, served them for clothing, and around the cabin might be seen bows and arrows, and darts, and other implements used in the chase, or in war, and there were trophies of their exploits in war, such as the heads and scalps of their enemies. The men did not treat the women with any respect, or kindness, but ordered them to do every thing just as if they had been their slaves. Sometimes, too, they were very badly off for food, for they did not always succeed in the chase, and then they had to take long journeys in quest of game; and then hunger was so frequently intolerable, that they would swallow the bark of trees, or disgusting reptiles, and bind themselves tight round the

middle, in order to allay the sensation of hunger. They had no books, nor any kind of written language, nor any traces of civility, or improvement. They had very few neighbours, and these were just like themselves in manners and occupations. They had strong feelings of attachment to those of their own tribe, but they hated the rest of mankind, and never forgave an injury. Their religion did not teach them to have kind feelings to any but such as belonged to their family, and they were besides very superstitious. We leave them in this state, and after a few years return and pay a visit to the same family, still living in the same valley. But every thing has undergone so complete a change, that it is difficult to believe that we are on the same spot, or among the same people. The house in which the family now lives, is large, and elegantly furnished. There are several musical instruments, and the ladies play upon them with taste and feeling. Literature is now cultivated, and there is a room which contains a large collection of books, in various languages. The young men delight in reading Greek, and the ladies French and Italian. In their intercourse, they are kind, mild, eager to oblige, and to anticipate each other's wants. I perceive too, that there are servants in the house, each of whom has his particular share of the work

assigned to him. One cleans the house, another cooks, and a third waits at the table. In front of the house there is a fine looking lawn, with a well gravelled walk around it, which is bordered with beautiful shrubs and flowers, and displays the taste of the ladies, in the selection and arrangement of the plants. The ground is every where cultivated with great care, and the fields are loaded with fine crops of grain. Instead now of being solitary in the midst of the wild woods, the country is thickly settled, and I behold, at no great distance, a city finely situated on the river, where the people live by assisting and obliging each other. One makes shoes, another chairs, a third weaves, and others sell the produce of distant climes. All is action and business, and an air of comfort is thrown over the whole place. A large vessel is sailing up the stream, without the assistance of oar or sails, and a great many people are upon her deck. And"——

"O tell me, mamma," exclaimed Harry, "what has caused all this change. It looks more like a fairy tale, than a true story."

"History will tell you more about it than I can, Harry. In the first you see the savage, in the latter, the civilized man; and it is the business of history, to trace the rise, progress, and fluctuations, in the condition of our species, and those

who would know the steps by which the state of mankind has been gradually improved, must examine with care the records of man in different ages, whether these may consist in poems, fabulous stories, with a mixture of truth, or in the elaborate volumes of the historian."

"I am now convinced, mamma, that history is as useful as it is pleasant, and if you please, I will ring the bell for James to come and light the candles, and will read Sir James M'Intosh's History of England, that my papa brought me the other day."